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OBSOLETE YOUTH?

Bruno Bettelheim

A New Story by J G Ballard

Tolerances of the Human Face

Proudhon

The Solitary Revolutionary

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New Verse

Warwick Collins
Lyman Andrews
J Lavery
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N S Willey
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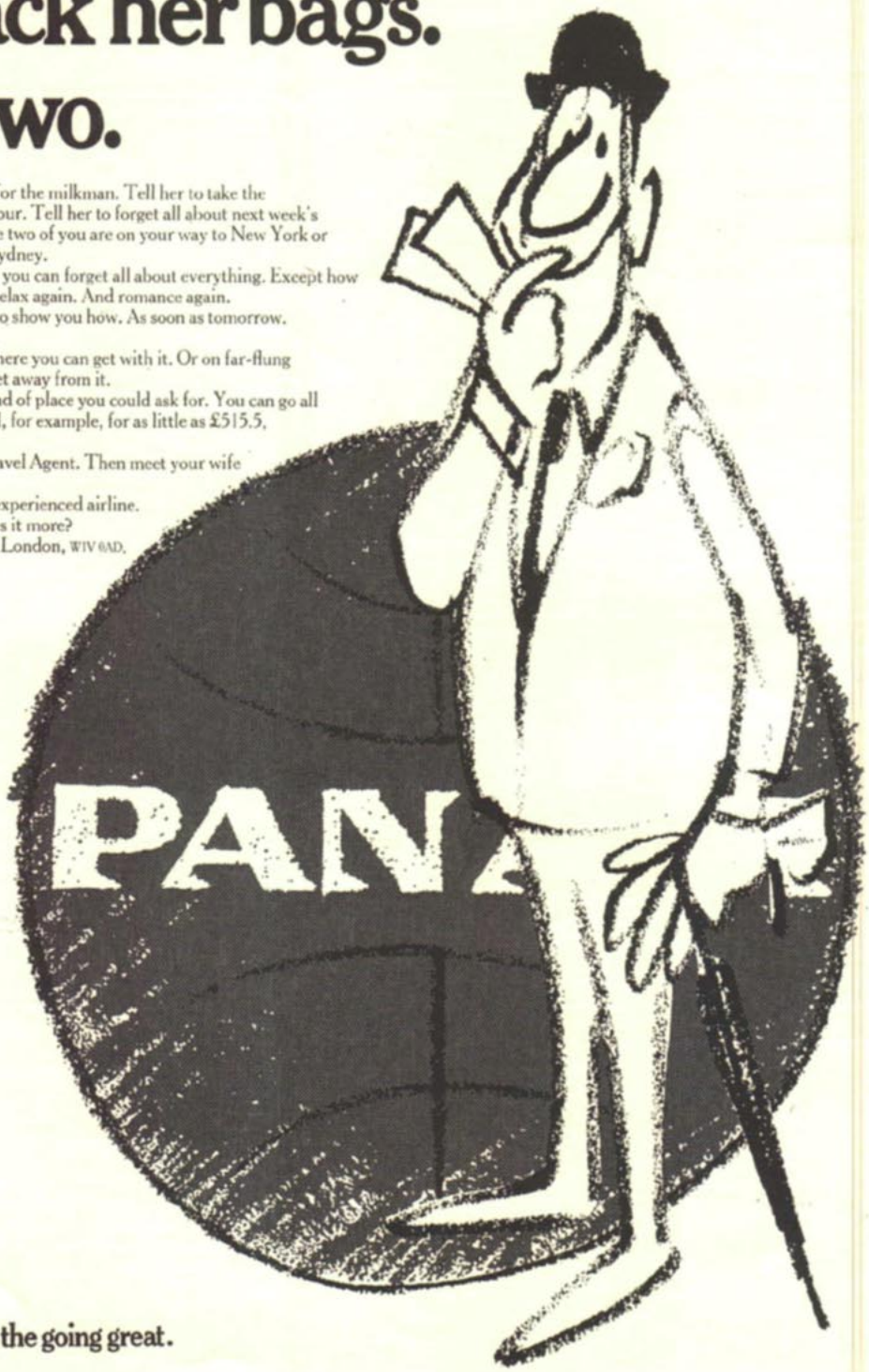

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J. G. Ballard

Tolerances of the Human Face

5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

LATER, TRAVERS remembered the camera-crew which had visited the Institute, and the unusual documentary they had filmed among the cypress-screened lawns. He had first noticed the unit as he loaded his suitcases into the car on the afternoon he resigned. Avoiding Claire Austin's embarrassed attempt to embrace him, he stepped on to the lawn below the drive. The patients sat like mannequins on the worn grass, while the film-crew moved between them, guiding the camera about like a myopic robot. "Why did Nathan invite them here? For a so-called documentary on dementia praecox it's going to be surprisingly elegant and perverse." Claire Austin strode towards the unit, remonstrating with the director as he pointed a woman patient towards the camera. She took the girl's loose hands. The director stared at her in a bored way, deliberately exposing the chewing gum between his lips. His eyes turned to inspect Travers. With an odd gesture of the wrist, he beckoned the camera-unit forward.

HIDDEN FACES

Travers vaulted over the concrete balustrade and pushed through the swing doors of the lecture theatre. Behind him the film-crew were manhandling their camera trolley across the gravel. Hands on the hips of his white trousers, the director watched Travers with his unpleasant eyes. His aggressive stare had surprised Travers—seeing himself confused with the psychotic patients was too sharp a commentary on his own role at the Institute, a reminder of his long and wearisome dispute with Nathan. In more than one sense he had already left the Institute; the presence of his colleagues, their smallest gestures, seemed an anthology of irritations. Only the patients left him at ease. He crossed the empty seats below the screen. *Each afternoon in the deserted cinema Travers was increasingly disturbed by the images of colliding motor-cars. Epiphanies of his wife's death, the slow-motion newsreels recapitulated all his memories of childhood, the realisation of dreams which even during the safe immobility of sleep would develop into nightmares of anxiety.* He made his way through the exit into the car park. His secretary's car waited by the freight elevator. He touched the dented fender, feeling the reversed contours, the ambiguous junction of rust and enamel, geometry of aggression and desire.

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FAKE NEWSREELS

Claire Austin unlocked the door and followed Travers into the deserted laboratory. "Nathan did warn me not to. . . ." Ignoring her, Travers walked towards the display screens. Disconnected headphones hung inside the cubicles, once occupied by the volunteer panels of students and housewives. Fingers fretting at the key in her pocket, she watched Travers search through the montage photographs which the volunteers had assembled during anaesthesia. Disquieting diorama of pain and mutilation: strange sexual wounds, imaginary Viet Nam atrocities, the deformed mouth of Jacqueline Kennedy. Until Nathan ordered the experiment to end it had become a daily nightmare for her, a sick game which the volunteers had increasingly enjoyed. Why was Travers obsessed by these images? Their own sexual relationship was marked by an almost seraphic tenderness, transits of touch and feeling as serene as the movements of a dune.

FROM THE CASUALTY WARD

Nostalgia of departure. Through the windshield Travers glanced for the last time at the window of his office. The glass curtain-walling formed an element in a vertical sky, a mirror of this deteriorating landscape. As he released the handbrake a young man in a shabby flying jacket strode towards the car from the freight elevator. He fumbled at the door, concentrating on the latch mechanism like a psychotic patient struggling with a spoon. He sat down heavily beside Travers, beckoning at the steering wheel with a gesture of sudden authority. Travers stared at the flame-like scars on his knuckles, residues of an appalling act of violence. This former day-patient, Vaughan, he had often seen in the back row of his classes, or moving through the other students in the library forecourt at some private diagonal. His committal to the Institute, an elaborate manoeuvre by Nathan as suspect as anything Travers had done, had been a first warning. Should he help Vaughan to escape, whatever that term meant and whatever its limitations? The dented plates of his forehead and the sallow jaw were features as anonymous as any police suspect's. The musculature of his mouth was clamped together in a rictus of aggression, as if he were about to commit a crude and unsavoury crime. Before Travers could speak, Vaughan brushed his arm aside and switched on the ignition.

HARD-EDGE

Dr. Nathan gestured to the young woman to unbutton her coat. With a murmur of surprise he stared at the bruises on her hips and buttocks. "Travers . . . ?" He turned involuntarily to Claire Austin, standing primly by the window. Nodding to himself, he searched the broken blood-vessels in the young woman's skin. She showed no hostility to Travers, at first sight an indication of the sexual nature of these wounds. Yet something about the precise cross-hatching suggested that their true role lay elsewhere. He waited by the window as the young woman dressed. "What these girls carry about under their smiles—you saw her little art gallery?" Claire Austin snapped shut the roller blind. "Extremely conceptual, but hardly in Travers' style. Do you believe her?" Dr. Nathan gestured irritably. "Of course. That's the whole point. He was trying to make contact with her, but in a

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new way." A car moved down the drive. He handed the girl a jar of ointment. Somewhere lay a vernissage larger than the skin area of a typist.

VETERAN OF THE PRIVATE EVACUATIONS

Ahead, stalled traffic blocked three lanes. Oxyacetylene flared over the roofs of the police cars and ambulances in a corral at the mouth of the underpass. Travers rested his head against the mud-caked quarter-window. He had spent the past days in a nexus of endless highways, a terrain of billboards, car marts and undisclosed destinations. Deliberately he had allowed Vaughan to take command, curious to see where they would go, what junction-points they would cross on the spinal causeways. Together they set off on a grotesque itinerary: a radio-observatory, stockcar races, war-graves, multi-storey car-parks. Two teen-age girls whom they picked up Vaughan had almost raped, grappling with them in a series of stylised holds. During this exercise in the back seat his morose eyes had stared at Travers through the driving mirror with a deliberate irony imitated from the newsreels of Oswald and Sirhan. Once, as they walked along the half-built embankment of a new motorway, Travers had turned to find Vaughan watching him with an expression of almost insane lucidity. His presence sounded a tocsin of danger and violence. Soon after, Travers became bored with the experiment. At the next filling station, while Vaughan was in the urinal, he drove off alone.

ACTUAL SIZE

A helicopter clattered overhead, a cameraman crouched in the bubble cockpit. It circled the overturned truck, then pulled away and hovered above the three wrecked cars on the verge. Zooms for some new Jacopetti, the elegant declensions of serialised violence. Travers started the engine and turned across the central reservation. As he drove off he heard the helicopter climb away from the accident site. It soared over the motorway, the shadows of its blades scrambling across the concrete like the legs of an ungainly insect. Travers swerved into the nearside lane. Three hundred yards ahead he plunged down the incline of a slip-road. As the helicopter circled and dived again he recognised the white-suited man crouched between the pilot and the camera-operator.

TOLERANCES OF THE HUMAN FACE IN CRASH IMPACTS

Travers took the glass of whisky from Karen Novotny. "Who is Koster? —the crash on the motorway was a decoy. Half the time we're moving about in other people's games." He followed her on to the balcony. The evening traffic turned along the outer circle of the park. The past few days had formed a pleasant no-man's land, a dead zone on the clock. As she took his arm in a domestic gesture he looked at her for the first time in half an hour. This strange young woman, moving in a complex of undefined roles, the gun moll of intellectual hoodlums with her art critical jargon and bizarre magazine subscriptions. He had picked her up in the demonstration cinema during the interval, immediately aware that she would form the perfect modulus for the re-enactment he had conceived. What were she and her fey crowd doing at a conference on facial surgery? No doubt the lectures were listed in the diary pages of *Vogue*, with the professors of

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tropical diseases as popular with their claques as fashionable hairdressers. "What about you, Karen?—wouldn't you like to be in the movies?" With a stiff forefinger she explored the knuckle of his wrist. "We're all in the movies."

THE DEATH OF AFFECT

He parked the car among the over-luminous pines. They stepped out and walked through the ferns to the embankment. The motorway moved down a cut, spanned by a concrete bridge, then divided through the trees. Travers helped her on to the asphalt verge. As she watched, face hidden behind the white fur collar, he began to pace out the trajectories. Five minutes later he beckoned her forward. "The impact point was here—roll-over followed by head-on collision." He stared at the surface of the concrete. After four years the oil stains had vanished. These infrequent visits, dictated by whatever private logic, now seemed to provide nothing. An immense internal silence presided over this area of cement and pines, a terminal moraine of the emotions that held its debris of memory and regret, like the rubbish in the pockets of a dead schoolboy he had examined. He felt Karen touch his arm. She was staring at the culvert between bridge and motorway, an elegant conjunction of rain-washed concrete forming a huge motion sculpture. Without thinking, she asked: "Where did the car go?" He led her across the asphalt, watching as she re-created the accident in terms of its alternate parameters. How would she have preferred it: in terms of the Baltimore-Washington Parkway, the '50s school of highway engineering or, most soigné of all, the Embarcadero Freeway?

THE SIX-SECOND EPIC

Travers waited on the mezzanine terrace for the audience to leave the gallery floor. The Jacopetti retrospective had been a success. As the crowd cleared, he recognised the organiser, a now familiar figure in his shabby flying jacket, standing by a display of Biafran atrocity photographs. Since his reappearance two weeks earlier Vaughan had taken part in a string of modish activities: police brawls, a festival of masochistic films, an obscene play consisting of a nine-year-old girl in a Marie Antoinette dress watching a couple in intercourse. His involvement in these lugubrious pastimes seemed an elaborate gesture, part of some desperate irony. His hostility to Karen Novotny, registered within a few seconds of their first meeting, reflected this same abstraction of emotion and intent. Even now, as he waved to Karen and Travers, his eyes were set in a canny appraisal of her hoped-for wound areas. More and more Travers found himself exposing Karen to him whenever possible.

A NEW ALGEBRA

"Travers asked you to collect these for him?" Dr. Nathan looked down at the photostats which Claire Austin had placed on his desk: (*1*) Front elevation of multi-storey car-park; (*2*) Mean intra-patellar distances (estimated during funeral services) of Coretta King and Ethel M. Kennedy; (*3*) Closeup of the perineum of a six-year-old girl; (*4*) Voice-print (terminal transmission) of Col. Komarov on the record jacket of a commercial 45; (*5*) the text of "Tolerances of the Human Face in Crash Impacts." Dr.

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Nathan pushed away the tray, shaking his head. "'Fusing Devices'—? God only knows what violence Vaughan is up to—it looks as if Koster's film may have a surprise ending."

MADONNA OF THE MULTI-STOREY CAR-PARK

She lay on her side, waiting as his hands explored the musculature of her pelvis and abdomen. From the TV set came a newsreel of a tank crushing a bamboo hut, for some reason an effort of immense labour. American combat engineers were staring like intelligent tourists at an earth bunker. For days the whole world had been in slow motion. Travers had become more and more withdrawn, driving her along the motorway to pointless destinations, setting up private experiments whose purpose was totally abstract: making love to soundless images of war newsreels, his obsession with multi-storey car-parks (their canted floors appeared to be a model of her own anatomy), his fascination with the mysterious film-crew who followed them everywhere. (What lay behind the antagonism between Travers and the unpleasant young director—some sort of homo-erotic jealousy, or another game?) She remembered the wearying hours outside the art school, as he waited in the car, offering money to any student who would come back to the apartment and watch them in intercourse. Travers had embarked on the invention of imaginary psychopathologies, using her body and reflexes as a module for a series of unsavoury routines, as if hoping in this way to recapitulate his wife's death. With a grimace she thought of Vaughan, forever waiting for them at unexpected junctions. In his face the diagram of bones formed a geometry of murder.

INTERNAL ÉMIGRÉ

All afternoon they had driven along the highway. Moving steadily through the traffic, Travers followed the white car with the fractured windshield. Now and then he would see Vaughan's angular forehead, with its depressed temples, as the young man looked back over his shoulder. They left the city and entered a landscape of pines and small lakes. Vaughan stopped among the trees in a side road. Striding swiftly in his tennis shoes, he set off across the soft floor of pine needles. Travers drew up beside his car. Strange graffiti marked the dust on its trunk and door panels. He followed Vaughan around the shore of an enclosed lake. Over the densely packed trees lay a calm and unvarying light. A large exhibition hall appeared above the forest, part of a complex of buildings on the edge of a university campus. Vaughan crossed the lawn towards the glass doors. As Travers left the shelter of the trees he heard the roar of a helicopter's engine. It soared overhead, the downdraught from its blades whipping his tie across his left eye. Driven back, he traced his steps through the pines. For the next hour he waited by the lake shore.

CINECITY

In the evening air Travers passed unnoticed through the crowds on the terrace. The helicopter rested on the lawn, its blades drooping over the damp grass. Through the glass doors Travers could see into the festival arena, where a circle of cine-screens carried their films above the heads of the audience. Travers walked around the rear gangway, now and then joining in the applause, interested to watch these students and middle-aged

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cinephiles. Endlessly, the films unwound: images of neurosurgery and organ transplants, autism and senile dementia, auto-disasters and plane crashes. Above all, the montage landscapes of war and death: newsreels from the Congo and Viet Nam, execution-squad instruction films, a documentary on the operation of a lethal chamber. *Sequence in slow-motion: a landscape of highways and embankments, evening light of fading concrete, intercut with images of a young woman's body. She lay on her back, her wounded face stressed like fractured ice. With almost dream-like calm, the camera explored her bruised mouth, the thighs dressed in a dark lacework of blood. The quickening geometry of her body, its terraces of pain and sexuality, became a source of intense excitement. Watching from the embankment, Travers found himself thinking of the eager deaths of his childhood.*

TOO BAD

Of this early period of his life, Travers wrote: "Two weeks after the end of World War II my parents and I left Lunghwa internment camp and returned to our house in Shanghai, which had been occupied by the Japanese gendarmerie. The four servants and ourselves were still without any food. Soon after, the house opposite was taken over by two senior American officers, who gave us canned food and medicines. I struck up a friendship with their driver, Corporal Tulloch, who often took me around with him. In October the two colonels flew to Chungking. Tulloch asked me if I would like to go to Japan with him. He had been offered a round trip to Osaka by a quartermaster-sergeant at the Park Hotel occupation headquarters. My father was away on business, my mother too ill to give any thought to the question. The skies were full of American aircraft flying to and from Japan. We left the next afternoon, but instead of going to the Nantao airfield we set off for Hongkew riverfront. Tulloch told me we would go by LCT. Japan was 500 miles away, the journey would take only a few days. The wharves were crammed with American landing craft and supply vessels as we drove through Hongkew. On the mudflats at Yangtzepoo were the huge stockades where the Americans held the last of the Japanese troops being repatriated. As we arrived four LCTs were beached on the bank. A line of Japanese soldiers in ragged uniforms moved along a bamboo pier to the loading ramp. Our own LCT was already loaded. With a group of American servicemen we climbed the stern gangway and went to the forward rail above the cargo well. Below, crammed shoulder to shoulder, were some 400 Japanese, squatting on the deck and looking up at us. The smell was intense. We went to the stern, where Tulloch and the others played cards and I read through old copies of *Life* magazine. After two hours, when the LCTs next to us had set off down-river, an argument broke out between the officers in charge of our ship and the military personnel guarding the Japanese. For some reason we would have to leave the next morning. Packing up, we went by truck back to Shanghai. The next day I waited for Tulloch outside the Park Hotel. Finally he came out and told me that there had been a delay. He sent me off home and said he would collect me the following morning. We finally set off again in the early afternoon. To my relief, the LCT was still berthed on the mud-flat. The stockades were empty.

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Two navy tenders were tied up at the stern of the LCT. The deck was crowded with passengers already aboard, who shouted at us as we climbed the gangway. Finally Tulloch and I found a place below the bridge rail. The Japanese soldiers in the cargo well were in a bad condition. Many were lying down, unable to move. An hour later a landing craft came alongside. Tulloch told me that we were all to transfer to a supply ship leaving on the next tide. As we climbed down into the landing craft two Eurasian women and myself were turned away. Tulloch shouted at me to go back to the Park Hotel. At this point one of the soldiers guarding the Japanese called me back on board. He told me that they would be leaving shortly and that I could go with them. I sat at the stern, watching the landing craft cross the river. The Eurasian women walked back to the shore across the mudflats. At eight o'clock that night a fight broke out among the Americans. A Japanese sergeant was standing on the bridge deck, his face and chest covered with blood, while the Americans shouted and pushed at each other. Shortly after, three trucks drove up and a party of armed American military police came on board. When they saw me they told me to leave. I left the ship and walked back through the darkness to the empty stockades. The trucks were loaded with gasoline drums. A week later my father returned. He took me on the Mollar line ferry to the cotton mill he owned on the Pootung shore, two miles down-river from the Bund. As we passed Yangtzepoo the LCT was still on the mudflat. The forward section of the ship had been set on fire. The sides were black, and heavy smoke still rose from the cargo well. Armed military police were standing on the mudflat."

"HOMAGE TO ABRAHAM ZAPRUDER"

Each night, as Travers moved through the deserted auditorium, the films of simulated atrocities played above the rows of empty seats, images of napalm victims, crashing cars and motorcade attacks. Travers followed Vaughan from one projection theatre to the next, taking his seat a few rows behind him. When a party in evening dress came in Travers followed him on to the library floor. As Vaughan leafed through the magazines he listened to the flow of small talk, the suave ironies of Koster and his women. Koster had a face like a fake newsreel.

GO, NO-GO DETECTOR

These deaths preoccupied Travers. *Malcolm X*: the death of terminal fibrillation, as elegant as the trembling of hands in tabes dorsalis; *Jayne Mansfield:* the death of the erotic junction, the polite section of the lower mammary curvature by the glass guillotine of the windshield assembly; *Marilyn Monroe:* the death of her moist loins; the falling temperature of her rectum described the first marriage of the cold perineum and the white rectilinear walls of the 20th-century apartment; *Jacqueline Kennedy:* the notional death, defined by the exquisite eroticism of her mouth and the insane logic of her leg-stance; *Buddy Holly:* the capped teeth of the dead pop singer, like the melancholy dolmens of the Brittany coastline, were globes of milk, condensations of his sleeping mind.

THE SEX-DEATHS OF KAREN NOVOTNY

The projection theatre was silent as the last film began. Vaughan had sat

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forward. Travers recognised the figures on the screen—Dr. Nathan, Claire Austin, himself. In sequence the rushes of the sex-deaths of Karen Novotny passed before them. Travers stared at the young woman's face, excited by these images of her postures and musculature and the fantasies of violence he had seen in the imaginary newsreels.

THE DREAM SCENARIO

As Travers walked through the pines towards his car he recognised Karen Novotny sitting behind the wheel, fur collar buttoned round her chin. The white strap of her binocular case lay above the dashboard. The fresh scent of the pine needles irrigated his veins. He opened the door and took his seat in the passenger compartment. Karen looked at him with wary eyes. She searched for the ignition switch. "Where have you been?" Travers studied her body, the junction of her broad thighs with the vinyl seat cover, her nervous fingers moving across the chromium instrument heads.

CONCEPTUAL GAMES

Dr. Nathan pondered the list on his desk-pad. (*1*) The catalogue of an exhibition of tropical diseases at the Wellcome museum; (*2*) chemical and topographical analyses of a young woman's excrement; (*3*) diagrams of female orifices: buccal, orbital, anal, urethral, some showing wound areas; (*4*) the results of a questionnaire in which a volunteer panel of parents were asked to devise ways of killing their own children; (*5*) an item entitled "self-disgust"—someone's morbid and hate-filled list of himself and his faults. Dr. Nathan inhaled carefully on his gold-tipped cigarette. Were these items in some conceptual game? To Claire Austin, waiting as ever by the window, he said: "Should we warn Miss Novotny?"

BIOMORPHIC HORROR

With an effort, Dr. Nathan looked away from Claire Austin as she picked at her finger quicks. Unsure whether she was listening to him, he continued: "Travers' problem is how to come to terms with the violence that has pursued his life—not merely the violence of accident and bereavement, or the horrors of war, but the biomorphic horror of our own bodies, the awkward geometry of the postures we assume. Travers has at last realised that the real significance of these acts of violence lies elsewhere, in what we might term 'the death of affect.' Consider all our most real and tender pleasures —in the excitements of pain and mutilation; in sex as the perfect arena, like a culture-bed of sterile pus, for all the veronicas of our own perversions, in voyeurism and self-disgust, in our moral freedom to pursue our own psychopathologies as a game, and in our ever-greater powers of abstractions. What our children have to fear are not the cars on the freeways of tomorrow, but our own pleasure in calculating the most elegant parameters of their deaths. The only way we can make contact with each other is in terms of conceptualisations. Violence is the conceptualisation of pain. By the same token, psychopathology is the conceptual system of sex."

SINK SPEEDS

During this period, after his return to Karen Novotny's apartment, Travers was busy with the following projects: A cogent defence of the

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documentary films of Jacopetti; a contribution to a magazine symposium on the optimum auto-disaster; the preparation, at a former colleague's invitation, of the forensic notes to the catalogue of an exhibition of imaginary genital organs. Immersed in these topics, Travers moved from art gallery to conference hall. Beside him, Karen Novotny seemed more and more isolated by these excursions. Advertisements of the film of her death had appeared in the movie magazines and on the walls of the underground stations. "Games, Karen," Travers reassured her. "Next they'll have you filmed masturbating by a cripple in a wheel-chair."

IMAGINARY DISEASES

By contrast, for Claire Austin these activities were evidence of an ever-widening despair, a deliberate summoning of the random and grotesque. After their meeting at the exhibition Travers grasped her arm so tightly that his fingers bruised a nerve. To calm him, she read through the catalogue introduction: "Bernouli's *Encyclopaedia of Imaginary Diseases* was compiled during his period as a privat-dozent in Frankfurt. Beginning with the imaginary diseases of the larynx, he proceeded to a number of fictional malfunctions of the respiratory and cardio-vascular systems. Within a few years, as he added the cerebro-spinal system to his encyclopaedia, a substantial invented pathology had been catalogued. Bernouli's monographs on imaginary defects of speech are a classic of their period, equalled only by his series of imaginary diseases of the bladder and anus. His greatest work without doubt is his exhaustive 'imaginary diseases of the genitalia'—his concept of the imaginary venereal disease represents a tour de force of extraordinary persuasion. A curious aspect of Bernouli's work, and one that must not be overlooked, is the way in which the most bizarre of his imaginary diseases, those which stand at the summit of his art and imagination, in fact closely approximate to conditions of natural pathology. . . ."

MARRIAGE OF FREUD AND EUCLID

These embraces of Travers' were gestures of displaced affections, a marriage of Freud and Euclid. Claire Austin sat on the edge of the bed, waiting as his hands moved across her left armpit, as if exploring the parameters of a speculative geometry. In a film magazine on the floor were a series of photographs of a young woman's death postures, stills from Koster's unsavoury documentary. These peculiar geometric elements contained within them the possibilities of an ugly violence. Why had Travers invited her to this apartment above the zoo? The traces of a young woman's body clung to its furniture—the scent on the bedspread, the crushed contraceptive wallet in the desk drawer, the intimate algebra of pillow arrangements. He worked away endlessly on his obscene photographs: left breasts, the grimaces of filling station personnel, wound areas, catalogues of Japanese erotic films: "targeting areas," as he described them. He seemed to turn everything into its inherent pornographic possibilities. She grimaced as he grasped her left nipple between thumb and forefinger: an obscene manual hold, part of a new grammar of callousness and aggression. Koster's eyes had moved across her body in the same transits when she blundered into the film-crew outside the multi-storey car-park. Vaughan had stood on the

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parapet beside the crashed car, staring down at her with cold and stylised rapacity.

DEATH GAMES (a) CONCEPTUAL

Looking back at his wife's death, Travers now reconceived it as a series of conceptual games: (*1*) a stage show, entitled "Crash"; (*2*) a volume curve in a new transfinite geometry; (*3*) an inflatable kapok sculpture two hundred yards long; (*4*) a slide show of rectal cancers; (*5*) six advertisements placed in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*; (*6*) a board game; (*7*) a child's paper-doll books, cut-out tabs mounted around the wound-areas; (*8*) the notional "pudenda" of Ralph Nader; (*9*) a set of noise levels; (*10*) a random collection of dialogue samples, preserved on video-tape, from ambulance attendants and police engineers.

DEATH GAMES (b) VIET NAM

Dr. Nathan gestured at the war newsreels transmitted from the television set. Claire Austin watched from the radiator panel, arms folded across her breasts. "Any great human tragedy—Viet Nam, let us say—can be considered experimentally as a larger model of a mental crisis mimetised in faulty stair angles or skin junctions, breakdowns in the perception of environment and consciousness. In terms of television and the news magazines the war in Viet Nam has a latent significance very different from its manifest content. Far from repelling us, it *appeals* to us by virtue of its complex of polyperverse acts. We must bear in mind, however sadly, that psychopathology is no longer the exclusive preserve of the degenerate and perverse. The Congo, Viet Nam, Biafra—these are games that anyone can play. Their violence, and all violence for that matter, reflects the neutral exploration of sensation that is taking place now, within sex as elsewhere, and the sense that the perversions are valuable precisely because they provide a readily accessible anthology of exploratory techniques. Where all this leads one can only speculate—why not, for example, use our own children for all kinds of obscene games? Given that we can only make contact with each other through the new alphabet of sensation and violence, the death of a child or, on a larger scale, the war in Viet Nam, should be regarded as for the public good." Dr. Nathan stopped to light a cigarette. "Sex, of course, remains our continuing preoccupation. As you and I know, the act of intercourse is now always a model for something else. What will follow is the psychopathology of sex, relationships so lunar and abstract that people will become mere extensions of the geometries of situations. This will allow the exploration, without any taint of guilt, of every aspect of sexual psychopathology. Travers, for example, has composed a series of new sexual deviations, of a wholly conceptual character, in an attempt to surmount this death of affect. In many ways he is the first of the new naïves, a Douanier Rousseau of the sexual perversions. However consoling, it seems likely that our familiar perversions will soon come to an end, if only because their equivalents are too readily available in strange stair angles, in the mysterious eroticism of fly-overs, in distortions of gesture and posture. At the logic of fashion, such once-popular perversions as paedophilia and sodomy will become derided clichés, as amusing as pottery ducks on suburban walls."

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CHASE SEQUENCE

As the helicopter roared over their heads again, Travers and Karen Novotny ran towards the shelter of the overpass. Karen stumbled over a wooden trestle, falling across the concrete. She held her bloodied left palm up to Travers, her face in a grimace of stupidity. Travers took her arm and pulled her on to the unset cement between the pillars of the overpass. The cleats of Vaughan's tennis shoes had left a line of imprints ahead of them, tracks which they were helplessly following. Vaughan was stalking them like the nemesis of some over-lit dream, always in front of them as they tried to escape from the motorway. Travers stopped and pushed Karen to the ground. The helicopter was coming after them below the deck of the overpass, blades almost touching the pillars, like an express train through a tunnel. Through the bubble canopy he could see Koster crouched between the pilot and camera-man.

CHE AS PRE-PUBERTAL FIGURE

Travers stood awkwardly in front of the student volunteers. With an effort, he began: "The imaginary sex-death of Che Guevara—very little is known about Guevara's sexual behaviour. Psychotic patients, and panels of housewives and filling station personnel were asked to construct six alternate sex-deaths. Each of these takes place within some kind of perversion—for example, bondage and concentration camp fantasies, auto-deaths, the obsessive geometry of walls and ceilings. Some suggestions have been made for considering Che as a pre-pubertal figure. Patients have been asked to consider the notional 'child-rape' of Che Guevara. . . ." Travers stopped, aware for the first time of the young man sitting in the back row. Soon he would have to break with Vaughan. In his dreams each night Karen Novotny would appear, showing her wounds to him.

"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT?"

Travers walked along the embankment of the overpass. The concrete slope ran on into the afternoon haze. Karen Novotny followed a few steps behind him, absently picking at the spurs of grass in her skirt. "An erotic film—of a special kind." Somewhere in the margins of his mind a helicopter circled, vector in a scenario of violence and desire. He counted the materials of the landscape: the curvilinear perspectives of the concrete causeways, the symmetry of car fenders, the contours of Karen's thighs and pelvis, her uncertain smile. What new algebra would make sense of these elements? As the haze cleared he saw the profile of the multi-storey car-park rising above them. A familiar figure in a shabby flying jacket watched from the roof. Travers let Karen walk past him. As she sauntered along the verge he became aware of a sudden erotic conjunction, the module formed by Vaughan, the inclined concrete decks and Karen's body. Above all, the multi-storey car-park was a model for her rape.

TREBLINKA

Cement dust rose from the wheels of the approaching car. Travers held Karen's arm. He pointed to the ramp. "Go up to the roof. I'll see you there later." As she set off he ran out into the road, signalling to the driver. Through the windshield he could see Claire Austin's white knuckles on the

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steering wheel, Dr. Nathan cupping his ears for the sounds of the helicopter. As Claire Austin reversed and drove the heavy saloon down the slip road Travers walked back to the car-park. After a pause he strolled towards the stairway.

THE FILM OF HER DEATH

Dr. Nathan pushed back the metal door of the elevator head. Before stepping into the overheated sunlight on the roof he nursed the bruise on his left ankle. Vaughan had burst from the elevator doors like some ugly animal sprung from a trap. The noise of the helicopter's engine had faded fractionally. Shielding his head from the down-draught, he stepped on to the roof. The aircraft was rising vertically overhead, its camera trained on the body of a young woman lying in the centre of the deck. The black bilateral parking lines formed a complex diagonal structure around her. Holding his throat with one hand, Dr. Nathan stared at the body. He turned to look behind him. Travers was standing by the elevator head, gazing with reflective eyes at the body on the white concrete slope, jetsam of this terminal beach. Nodding to Nathan, he walked to the elevator.

LAST SUMMER

For Travers, these afternoons in the deserted cinema were periods of calm and rest, of a reappraisal of the events which had brought him to the multi-storey car-park. Above all, these images from Koster's film reminded him of his affection for the young woman, discovered after so many disappointments within the darkness of this projection theatre. At the conclusion of the film he would go out into the crowded streets. The noisy traffic mediated an exquisite and undying eroticism.

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J. Lavery

Partita 7

Ehi songular singman sing

Put off the wireless
sped spaced the pool park
Pigeons gulls gave change of music
Beasts still bestial
such as allowed
scrabbled pecked kissed
travelled brown waters
oar paddles sinking among them
like bread
between wind stripe sifts
of streels of sun
one white there its light
in the eyes of the finches
struggle with lumberous twig
and the rings of the girls
lain still as they played
at creation
under the kite straying
rattle of pram bells
on wormless grey earthbake
prints grass marks on elbows
and bounce of dogs among bounding
balls
then trickle through fences
diverted by cakewaste

*

4 streams meet
like fenceless crossroads
of new silver
some blue dust on
4 dun cow fields

Not delight
in remembered—
statistic fact
this act that
of what's named life
has been achieved
classed numbered listed
filed away for reference

Now being be able
to see we may say
from then onwards
I was arcadian
I rabelaisian
I human
I alive

Did it
to have done it
Satisfied
by being about to have been
sometimes
or often

Usually smoke
off allotments
in August evenings

Are less only
in our awe
when sure we've done
at least some of the deeds
Are less alone
to know we were
when we were (?)

So peer out from
the box of death
the lodging glazed
sedan chair

Boy blackbird
feed gape peck
of girl ditto
chewed apple
both move like
tickertape

The crystal tube's
impenetrable clarity
cold sat meltless
in the brain's bronze blaze

*

After midnight
reed music
transists the allwave
wireful wireless
cranial reach
of search complaint
and everloss
Cry of fowled winds
scouring original waters
Cry of town soil
bears strange substance
Cry before the person was
Sound which no shape
may disguise
Lone flight
glide rise
in spiral air
and aftersun

*

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3 forms of man
superficially
halved by light
like 3 odd moons
to day and night
White glacier sprawls
of shirted rib
and forearmed sleeve
funneled backs'
dim rifts of spine
hip mass glooms pale
return dark underknee-
crease wrinkle re-entrant
Socketing shoes foot angles
on bar stools Beer
bright beside elbows

Less mooned along right
lean pelvic guitar
u-headed
gives shoulderblades
volume pose
less taut in angle
kneebend coathang
no nap on cloth grey
cap grey cheek grey
no health of fatting
wealth or shine
or braces' grasping
strain at girth

The same sun Solomon sang
now wining dark some easter sea
now rosy fingering peace
into some dreamer's haunt
and haunt on other waker's dream
the same sun longed for
by seeds in Kergulen
and Patagonian skins
travels the Bishopsgate diesel fume
to them and the filthy birthmark floor
gives visible shape size
strength matter etc. . . . and passage
for words to slip out
the 3 lip holes
disturbance of air
into ear crannies' coil-whorl
intro music box
vegetal clink tink—
this fantastic activity
where stones could be
long reeds the gone tree rotted
stopped stopping rain decay
or raw ray void
of long sent star hiss
and rainbow essence's peppering violence
this fantastic banality
easing a few gratuitous grunt 'I
don't want to know' self-
congratulationisms—
hazed Spanish Main gleams
of Columbus/Magellan's timbered stateroom
glass leads flagons goblets
vanillaed strip neon
sucrescent with flute whine
through fizzes of static
fazing to fade the front of the box
weak peppered with dots
of lesser costlier distilled rainbow
discharging suggestions
by moonday and moon night
of volumes and actions
of forms elsewhere
elsewhere maintained
to grimace the guilty luck
of the 3 full ones
and lie against the napless
unheard unword . .
. . superficially

*

How white
bare snow
on bare hills
One curve of black pine
on a hump in a valley
Nearer
two dark holly blocks
Away round the brow rim
grey hair night rolling

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D. J. Enright

Clouds of Something

One's thoughts ascend the gamut
From A to B;
Feelings romp from A to C
Before they're caught and beaten silly.
Visibility is poor.

And to speak less metaphorically
One lives in a cloud of unknowing,
Having reached a new high of
Sixty cigarettes and half an ounce of pipe tobacco
a day
Plus an occasional gift cigar—

Which sounds like high living,
Though what one means is,
It isn't.
There's much more smoke than fire,
More fug than warmth.

A flicker of velleity
Here and there, and maybe
An Olympic torch smartly snuffed out
At the price of a slightly burnt finger
And more smoke.

(To think they outlawed opium smoking!
What was the objection now?)

It's easy
To be uselessly active when you can't see.
My, the things that go on in clouds!—
It's a perpetual cocktail party.

It's only too easy
To write enigmatic verses.
The affluent state for writers!—
Dipping your pen into one of
Numberless and seemingly bottomless clouds.
The climate, as we call it,
Of the time,
Sure that we've caught it firmly, justly, clearly.

Lyman Andrews

The Lesson

Messieurs & Mesdames:
take a
tin bowl (institutional green)
a cracked plaster wall
a few bugs

a drooling clock
the kind that lathers its jaws
on the hour
with meaningless syllables

repeated on the half-hour by a clerk
an old soldier
who hunches by a glowing heater
& unravels the yarn of forgotten wars

(lest we forget)

take a
rotting garden
containing an official statue
of plaster-of-Paris

who waits endlessly for the birds to return
her head

take all this & stir with a bayonet

to produce
a stew flavoured with rust
(old tanks, shrapnel
patriotism)

which when served up
to the boy & girl who like
love new films pop
poems

produces a cathartic
which drastic though it is
serves them excellently
(& secures for the chef

a cordial handshake across the sea

plus a governmental award of the highest honour
for valiant action
against the disease
"La Pensée"

by confining it
to ever decreasing
circles

ending in zero)

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Nicholas Snowden Willey

In the Enduring Vicinity

(*Dedicated to the memory of W. A. Bentley, photographer of snow crystals*).

I like the lively way in which a stoat
Is clearly not a hedgehog; but I'm moved
By a notion to which I'm deeply attached,
That the sleek solution of a stoat,
And the prickly rebuff of the hedgehog,
Are metaphors for the same idea,
In which their little worlds and mine are met.
Men can never realise it or forget.

Here is a butterfly who in bright sunlight
Spans a great universe with his wings,
Now buoyant with identity and joy,
A life in the day of a butterfly,
Those flashing demarcations soon must merge
To more final colours, and to shades more deep,
Where at the tips of those worldly wings
The night will soon begin its powder.

When it would be snowing, someone called Bentley
Would sometimes apprehend a snowflake or two.
He intercepted their progress by placing
A smooth black board in the saunter of the snow.
When some snowflakes had settled distinctly there
He sheltered them, but didn't enlarge himself
On the question of warmth, for his visitors
Would have turned into drops of water.

He persuaded the snowflakes to undergo
A microscope's small scrutiny,
And then the fixity of his camera.
And Bentley, over unassuming years,
Obtained a myriad of images
That were from his snowflakes, or that were at least
From somewhere through the snowflakes. And each image
Seen in sequence was hexagonal.

It was just as if one single idea
Just kept on coming to light in the snow.
Whatever it was, Bentley left it there,
Concluding nothing; and I am moved
To argue with Winter, by a restlessness
Which is a reluctance to conclude,
Lest the seasons are too conclusive with me,
And conclude in me with some finality.

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In the woodlands the roots are bent upon darkness.
Sunlight breaks through deciduous undergrowth
And the natives come whooping through the clearing
To salute the glow that generates their day.
The wind disperses their cries in the air.
But there are notions in the upper air,
Notions that the sunlight doesn't care,
Notions of the times most untimely.

Through the climate of our apprehension
A shaft of sunlight finds its dusty way.
An alarm clock rends the air. Sunlight disturbs
The curtains of an apartment, and a haze
Of indifference seeps into the room.
There are strange notions in the upper air,
Notions of sunlight's authority,
Notions of the times most untimely.

The Norsemen understood that the bright stars
Were where great warriors had cut their way
Through the terrible confines of the dark.
Nor was this achieved by pure imagining.
Sticklers for proof could readily be shown,
As the great fighter was disguised as smoke,
Someone broke through the dome of the dark,
A bright new star shone in the silent sky.

Impenetrable spheres were once ordained
Where the stars were permitted to revolve
To God's glory; but a crouching man
Peered through a telescope, and saw the stars
Roaring on their ways, cold and unmoved
By the proud invitation of the earth.
The lawless stars were suddenly near,
Roaring in the chasm of the air.

The steadfast stars were only in the sky
Seen through apprehensions and belief,
And the roaring stars were only in the sky
Envisaged through telescopes and belief.
And they say stars are things imagined to be
At unimaginable distances.
In time they have been holes in the shell of the night.
What's happened to them is what's happened to us.

What of language, our fabled vantage ground
Beyond the unconscious greenery?
That's only the language of our aggregate world.
Beyond our sparing schema there's the world
Where bees enlighten gardens, and the dying seagull
Welcomes the attention of the wave.
And the consonants of the night are troubled
By white question marks, falling, falling.

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The view one commands for the moment,
There one perceives one's own prospect,
There lends one's own colours, my own colours,
And your own colours, weaving among them
Deeper colours, our lively proceedings
Like strands on a loom, all my bright colours,
Woven in some deeper darker weave,
Resolved in some final iridescence.

When diffusion displays design, which is it,
A pattern discerned, or discernment patterned?
Let it not matter from where the pattern came,
Let it not matter if projected there
From blue translucency within the skull,
Blue flickering through memory's mesh,
Let it not matter if there perceived,
A clear beam streaming in through frosted glass.

Between the green perceptive terminal
And the dark blue terminal of dreams,
There is a current that vibrates in us.
In isolation's cold severe light
This current is dismemberment.
But in the glow of all entirety
It's the living frisson, and so one finds
Pointed rejection where another finds home.

There's such pain when sensibility
For the sudden moment is distinct, as when
The imperishable beginnings of a tree
Find their expression in the baffling brief brightness
Of their fleeting leaves, and this same lively wind
That stirs identity in every leaf,
Also stirs the auspices of Autumn,
And a great sense of sadness.

The ways of metaphor are like alleys.
Between two quarters of reality.
To see our progress in the light of the leaves,
To see pity in the light of the rain,
Is to ourselves return to lost beginnings,
Consolidating the fictive flashes
Into the formative light, the prime mover,
The notion imprimis, the first idea.

Bright leaves and dim branches contend in a debate
Not to be concluded. Surely the truth
Can never depend on a high surveyance
That makes of tangled greenery a zone?
But perhaps on finding shelter in a wood.
We are the degree to which the first idea
Is human, and the snow is the degree to which
The first idea is white and silent.

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Wes Magee

Today's Lesson : An Observation

Today let's catch some common crawlies. First
we'll place traps in likely places—long grass,
bushes, by bricks—burying jars in the
earth till only their lips show. By morning
we'll have a large collection to observe.
Time then to construct wormeries and glass
vivariums.

The field was threadbare from
football and dried by a long summer. Ants
welled up from the earth, crazily into
bright day. Pop-eyed we bombed them amongst their
red brethren and waited for war. Then an
ambush for a dazzled earwig—its body
gobbled by the dusty backed ants! And green,
juicy caterpillars—dozens!—herded
into a chalk corral and those that crossed
the line—pulped! The perimeter gradually
swamped in yellow pus!

Wormeries are
possible in bell jars. Earth layers, thus,
stony soil, up through clay to garden dirt.
The worms will slowly ravel this, and don't
let the children maltreat life, however mean.
We can show its beauty through a glass pane.
Take for instance this woodlouse and note its
graceful ways.

It seemed we grew from violence
to violence. A rat on a tip caught broadside
with a brick. Arrows, steel headed, thwacked heart deep
into a pond toad. All those sun dried deaths
and moony actions. Our secret tortures
and dreams of graveyard murders—yet we left
humans well alone!

Well, now, coffee, but
first a chance to see some group activity,
Ah, Miss Thing, alright? Observe the work!
The care that I can only name as love!

Oh yes, they work. Pinafored in white, like
surgeons, they handle mice attentively,
learning that what's good for smaller fry is
fine for us, and how to make the educated
guess when things go wrong. And their desire to
scatter limbs like straw? They smile and answer
breathily—in fact more free than my lot.
But coffee calls. Now will some cherub test
a beetle's back and stare intently as the
shard cracks in her hand? Miss Thing, I think, would

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know. Some tautness in her smile tells tales of
blood before we ambled on this scene. Her
eyes recount an ancient gothic story,
printed in blood, staked out deep in the heart.

Poem Note: A group of teachers, on a refresher course,
spend a day at the ideal school.

Keith Bosley

Journey to Kythrea

After delays, frustrations, prayers to saints
we are off, roaring at the horizon.
The sky purples as we leave
ribbed lands and rising seas behind
pushing the air
This is the journey
to Kythrea, the place of origin
the spring your father swam in
the tree his father planted
Soon the descent
to darkness, a quick dark
turning into it, resetting our watches
calculating
At the dockside
stands a crane, rusty, derelict
stuck in its disconnected tracks
its jib to the hot stars. Late, late
we sit by it and wait for our ship.
Go
said the doctor, go on your holiday
forget all about this
as if we could
and come back in a month or so.

She is ready and we go aboard
to bad accommodation
a raised bed
with a table beside it
and by the wall
two small blue cylinders (N_2O)
and a larger black one
Clank
the chains fall away and we move
out into the dark, this dark the consequence
of purple
and the people in her grumbling
—Greek, her captain Greek, Italian
that amorous mariner who fell
for the Rhys-Thomas girl who fell
for your maternal grandfather, some French
but little English until now: he stamps
the image of his realm, his coming kingdom
on the heart—hear him hammer, feel the coin
contract
The prow dips, the sea
darker than wine, blooddark
curling pale at the edges, night's frontier
an oar's length off
Through straits, but these are no
straits: the ship glides between mountains into
dawn
past a white church to starboard, cupolas
silver to the sun, kerchiefed women
waving
Into the first port of call, the first nightfall
afloat. Out into the dead town, a sedative
a third of the way
—Stroke the moist belly, control
the peaks of his coming, dream of stroking
dream of delivery, wake to a servitude
of broken waters, she is still in chains.

The point of morning, fading of the drug
new point of pain
and off again
under the sun, our watches measuring
the main
0834: 65 seconds
0846: 70 seconds
0857: 45 seconds
0902: 35 seconds
curving between islands, but no promise of
landfall
1423: 60 seconds
1436: 40 seconds
1438: 75 seconds
—the passengers growing restless, the ship
overcrowded, the air conditioning
broken down, air, air, the loudspeakers
calling for a doctor
1605: 60 seconds
1613: 25 seconds
no further: yet still she threads islands
tightening into another night, rounding
the last headland in a storm, flashes
but no thunder, slither of vomit

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on deck, old women in black shawls praying
into the heaving dark
the last headland
past, and poor rest until the second dawn.
This is the journey to Kythrea—not Kythera
for that is the place of rotting men:
this is the place of ripening, this
the last lap across open sea
now, calm.
Truly
I dwell in a god's throat
—and will he
reject me
Still the god, the king
labours but will not ride into his own
and still the good ship cleaves, will cleave
and still the oars will not beat steady
and she runs
downwind, listing in no gale, sick
with no sickness, her godly cargo slipped
into deep transverse arrest.
So we
watch her, and can do nothing
but radio for help, fly doleful flags
and try to comfort
till the tall sun swings
westward
and little boats announce Kythrea
and harbour perilous we have heard about
and here, in her self straits, yet must she pause
—the stray hair a long wrinkle in her neck—
and be relieved of the divinity
she cannot drop herself, her draught is too
deep
And still in her high seas they lift
lower her load out from under her sleep
and bear him yelling suddenly away.

This is Kythrea where she smiles asleep
the mariners have gone ashore from her
she rocks at anchor in the bay
Here end
the works of the sea the works of love.

Warwick Collins

In the long bone of the nave
The wind is saying Vespers

In the primitiveness of the early hours
Silence ruled the eyelids of this room

In the centre stood the chair,
Possessed by a Cathedral silence
Old, thin, inviolate,
Unaccepted by the gloom.

And it seemed that the cold crept
Into the bone-chambers of this silent man
So that he shivered slightly
And drew his overclothes more closely about him.

I Robustus

In nerve white coasts of mist and moon
The heron flowers, like a ghost in bloom
Into the deeply beating air,
And in two moving winds of flame,
The flame above, the wind beneath,
Draws closer now into my breath.

The sun was very cold that night
And the shadows were heavy as water.
He remembered Bayswater.

Mists from the river fill these ancient places.
The people are few, and worse, indoors,
In arm chairs and in warmth,
Pipe-bowls fit the groove of every hand,
And teak cabinets,
And all the great hateful paintings
With tradition in crumbling pigment.
Out there, where the mist lies draped on the cold
iron railings,
Where the ash flakes off the granite,

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And the rector slips beneath the arch,
This cathedral street, chin on chest,
Sleeps silently in the great arm-chair,
And the fires burn low,
And it sleeps on,
And the pipe smokes still on the arm-rest,
But very slightly.

The heron, blanketing through mist and milk
Strokes the moon with profound fingers,
Tips to one side
And in a float-and-heart movement,
Alights in the feet of its shadow.

On the broken legs of shadows
The church is standing now.
Meaning by meaning, on the carven leather,
In the wooded dark, the reverend moon
Pours its liquid heart along the aisle.
And the shadows hold black communion
And the cold is a silent congregation.

On the broken legs of shadows
The rows of pews are kneeling now.
And the moon is praying on their shoulders
The moon shines on their praying shoulders.

Though my body is priested with candles
And my coffin is candled by prayers
I live in the name of sulphur,
Child, my coldest parts are with you soon.

And he turns to the wall
Though hand and sheet and broken wing
oppose him where he lies,
He turns to the wall and stares
Through memories so old, that if one lingers
The mind encounters
A breath of cobweb on the fingers.

II

Time
Chimes its swallows from the ghosten brass
Under the trembling mirrors, a heart
Groined with gloom and iron sighs
Winter and summer laid four tones apart
Moans the bell in your empty thighs.
Under the hiss and dream of riding metal
Hands and rumours stroke the bell's spine
Swings the iron maiden

The bell leans on its own vast sound,
Tolling the air in the empty fields

In this coffin there lies dead
No lisping word or fairy hand
No empty eye or page in the rain
No coffin carrying ant, no grip of jaws
But a space enclosed, and that is all

And from its scent the pure decline
The pure whose whitened faces shine
In slow half light between the trees,
The pure
Who nailed it with rusting truths
The pure who gently closed the lid
The pure who sang the funeral songs
The pure who did as they were bid

Under the morning
Under the hill that the wind has fleshed with flowers
The minister, thin,
Dog-collar, placenta,
Hands of wax and wings of silk
Strokes the words from the book with his peace-keeping voice.
Around the humped clay, crabbed with cancer
Stand the false emotions, bleating like pins
In the raw wind that is blowing down the nerve
That sanes and pales in the grasses
And makes the minister, thin candle-flame figure
Flicker and go tall.

Under the bell with the silent brass
Under the hill with the faces of rain
Whispers the wanton wind in the grave grass
And every blade is a cry of pain.

II

In nerve white coasts of mist and moon
The heron, holding foot-and-ankle time
Fishes in my window.

III

Ribbed with anger
I call for a sword
And they give me a pen.

Elate with pain
I call for water
And they give me a tear.

I call for light
And am favoured with a cold sun
Like the reflection on a Northern lake.

In this continent of mirrors
Time, whose flesh is cool
Holds my reflection in a blade.

Shout
And feel, even in blessing
The dead weight of the Father's hand
The long, wolf-bearded bones of the father
The unbodied wind, the unhoused bell.

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Shout
And the silence
Seated in an arm chair in Bayswater
Opened one eye slowly, for he had been disturbed
And then went back to sleep.

Shout
And by the measure of that sound
Define the words within whose walls you lie.

Shout
And the shout, climbing rib and wind and sky
Raises questions to the moon

Shout till the long bell's shaking on its knees
Shout till the word forms a bone in the throat
Shout till the shoulderblades are rattling on the spine
And the clock struck nine, and I struck back.

Shout
And the candle flickers, the heart
Tips to one side,
And the blood bursts black on the brain.

IV

In the formal rooms, Grace
And the stiff breaking of the sentence.

To those who see their purpose in a ring of stone
To those who see no shadows in the vowel
No consonants are angled on their bone
No window shapes a meaning on their brain
And all the words are such a thin, grey rain
To the cold floating of the uncommitted bowel
They fall, and die, and cause no pain.

In big, black-hearted chairs
All the crumbling, bloodless, hunch-backed fires
Are seated like toads in the grates.

V

Time by, years before the heron
Wading in the slack tides of my blood stream
Stabbed at my secrets

I laid broad bosomed Autumn in an open field
In yielding grasses
Held her in the east and the west
As close as a cry in the night.

And Hazel, who lived on shortbread and sin,
Claw-hold knowing,
(This is the place where she married our flames)
Relieved me of my trembling trousers
And kissing me beneath the wounds,
I've wanted so much to break her sweet neck
With gentle fingers.
Hammers and anvils
The moon in her navel
Thoughts and shadows and webs

He tuned her hard and high
And the music followed in his fingers

When gut met gut and the sound was good
We loved forever where we stood.
When gut met gut, and burned and strained
A storm was born within the wood
That in the wordless smoke of music
Turned
And loved forever where we stood

Loved dressed the curtains in a body of wind
Loved shaped a meaning on the brain
The hard bud freezing in the hand
One mouth to part the curtains of her pain

And pleasure, for she
Who once was a child with a nun in her face
Commits each crime in harmony
Each soft obsession in the curve.

Yet
She saw herself in other people's eyes
Mirrored in reaction to her gaze
And lived her life in other people's minds,

Lady, though I told no lies
This thought alone had made you blaze.

And if in her the white flame stood so high
For this man's changeable diseases

Her body was a softer flame
That warms me now and where I lie.

VI

All I asked was a craving for words
And a pain in the flesh to keep me upright
And the wind in my crotch (for I must be a saint)
For these were the meanings that gave voice to light.

Spine taut between the blades
With long and steady step rung iron on bone
Doors slammed beneath him as he walked
Down the long declension of the stone.

I who in a small cry conceived
A pain too rich to breathe or give
Gave breath to sentences.

There was a time when he
Though his friends might not agree,
Came forward on his chair
A thought held in his fingertips.

No hand could touch the blood red bell
That clamoured meanings through my veins

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There was a time when he
By a certain timed construction could
Break God into every word
Clock light the face of summer's blood.

VII

Alone among windows, the loud sea shines
He is drunk among gestures

Behind the lighted lid
Where dwells the word that reasons with the eye
He drinks each room of liquid in the glass
Drinks from the glass till the rooms of his eyes
Are peopled with laughter and raftered with smoke.

He tilts the taste upon the tongue
Unknowing of the weather on the skin
The surge and clash of colour on the ear
And talks behind a broken hand
The language of the broken word.

Alone among windows the loud sea shines.

Wind came
And shutters slapped the wind
And the wind coughed and the light went out,
And rain rose
Like panic in a flock of birds
And wheeled its clattering spokes across the panes.

VIII

I tear a star in the abdomen
Of my body, prose and sentence
And a spider runs out of the wound

And his sun was a flame that gave no heat
(Though it was bright on the bony hillsides
And could plough the streets with shadow)
His sun was a flame that gave no heat.

And his thoughts not harsh now
But move in easy rivers through the year
And words on which the meanings form
In the slow half motion of the forming tear
And light pours gently, like the light of dawn.

No thunder's bone, tracing fire to the nerve
Blue lights the sinew (the breath depending now
On each subtle hingeing of the rib).

No more may the smoke rise off his sentences
For the words are drowning in his voice,
Their bodies cough between his thoughts

And he forever lives the answer.

IX

Sleep took his mind between her thighs.
Sleep lead him to the blind side of the brain
To the soft, sensual wound in the lips
Kissed him in the gills and made him warm

In the sound of her voice
In the house of her arms
In the low tongue notes of the feinted bell
He turns through a sea of black roses
Through salt shaker waves and the torn-up moon
Turns and snorts and dreams in black pastures

And in these quiet times
When thought and bell and mood
Surface on the wordless waters
He dreamed

Death kissed him in the breast bone
Stove in his ribs
And in the suck of the sinking cage
Water bubbled through his broken timbers

The wreckage distributed like seed

And he woke to the smell of morning in the eye.

But in the measured light I see
The flowers arranged in pity.
Behind each moving crow of hands
A blade of faces stare,
My body coughing, for I fear
To lie in windless symmetry.

These quiet bones confine me

To one sterile sector of ceiling
To one hovering rubber plant
To one obtrusive wooden chair, standing lifeless
On the green linoleum.

Preferring not to die, mirror by mirror
Meaning by meaning in the shaded glass
He holds this small occasion
In a bony cage of fingers.

In the turning dust that lives in sunlight
In the cold dripping light in the misted morning glass
This room is buried lightly, under leaves.

And the sun shone through a weeping window
Shone upon his praying shoulders
Shone through his kneeling heart.

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X

Turn to the hand that fathered the brain
To the bone that mothered the mind
Whispers man the shadow
Shadows man the wall
The wall is full of meaning
But has no blood at all.

And the page is still a window
Not an answer on its own
And the word is three-dimensioned
And casts a shadow on the hand
And the hand, being so long-winded
Catches handfuls as they run.

A sudden ice-wind,
Sun-cold from the glass hills
Too rare to touch
Too tall to see the shallow colour of its blood
Panics the shutters.

Before my heart, shaking like a fish
Flutters redly in the heron's beak
I who eat the soul out of paper
I who bite the quick, cruel thoughts off the nail
Name the hunted now.

The quarry, running smooth and hoofless
In the shadows of the mind
Knows his void well
Knows his sky as true as any gull

And the poet,
Groping in the mists of consciousness
Must flush these birds with meditation.
Probing deeper into darkness
A final plunge—
A random image, grasped slippery in his hands
And he must drag it screaming into the bright
light
Of remembrance,
Force it through his arms and fingers
Into the fluted pen
And stain the barren page before him with the
blue blood of slaughter.

The poet in his closing cage
The poet blind
The poet blind beneath the cage
Sees the world through the eyes of the word.

Forgive him for the way he dies
When he has nothing left to say
For this Third Eye lets in the wind
And his soul has blown away.

Emyr Humphreys

Poet of the Old North

[*E bore duw Sadwrn cad fawr a fu . . .*]

Saturday morning a great battle began
Blood shed as long as the day lasted

Their mouths were filled with earth
But his words were not wasted

It was more to him than a demographic swing
The barbarous thrust more than an ethnic threat
Covered with classroom notes his verbs
Are bloodstained faces.

Four hosts led by the Destroyer attacked from the east.
The warm kingdoms summoned their men, the training feast
Was forgone. Out of the silence burst the voice of the Blusterer

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"Send your hostages forward
Send them dressed in the garments of peace
Call me Overlord call me master
And from this day our conflict shall cease . . ."

Unreproducible blunt repetitive rhymes
Like the breath in his lungs
Made short and immediate by danger
The last moment the culmination of times
Of postponement. The cold future hangs
In the air while the nation waits for the leaders' answer.

Owain son of Urien in the vanguard
Made the first reply. So proud of his descent
His voice was the first blow. "There are no hostages
There will be none. Today or any day."
Then his father spoke, Urien, Taliesin's master,
The great lord of the lakes, the leader of the host:

"They wish to meet us! They have proposals to discuss!
Make a fence of linked shields! Let us
Show them our faces over a rim of steel! Let them
See spears level above our heads! Let us
Fall upon them and pick out his head
From their ranks as they tumble
In heaps before us."

And there he pauses.
No account of the battle is given
Only the scene at nightfall

Before Llwyfain wood
Between the hills the site forgotten and the country lost
The corpses have stopped bleeding
But the gorged crows are daubed with blood.

What does *armaf* mean?
Armaf arfaethu, paratoi cân?
. . . *virumque cano* . . . Push the letters about
Split the syntax, change the language

The voice of the poet fits
His cattle on the narrow bridge
Defy the passage of time

As the little scholar said
Old deaths are the latest

Take a year take a lifetime
To hammer out this song.

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Bruno Bettelheim

Obsolete Youth

Towards a Psychograph of Adolescent Rebellion

"CALL ME ISHMAEL," is how Moby Dick begins. So we know at once that Ishmael is not the hero's true name; that his true name has no meaning because he has no true identity; and the stage is set for a novel about the struggle to gain an identity. But "Ishmael" told the reader much more at a time when everyone was familiar with the Bible. For the Bible says of Ishmael that "his hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him." He is the outsider *par excellence*, and this is how Melville describes his state of mind:

> Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off—then, I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball.

This, more than a hundred years ago, is how Melville saw the adolescent in crisis—saw the inner pressure to turn either toward senseless violence or to self-destruction. The only means he saw of avoiding one or the other was to change the environment *in toto*—to "escape the establishment," as we now say. For Melville, the path to solutions was not to drop out or to attack—though the pressure to do one or the other was intense, then as now. His way was to temporarily leave the establishment and, in desperate struggle with the elements and moral issues, to test his ability to be a man. In his day this was still possible on many frontiers: one could go West, go to sea, even go native in the tropics. In any case, the goal was not to break up the established order, but to return to it from one's wanderings, find one's rightful place in society, and there improve it by virtue of the manhood one had gained.

These, then, are the great differences between Melville's time and our own. What has changed is neither the adolescent turmoil nor the social and psychological pressures that make for it, but the ways of resolving it and the ultimate goals. These differences also constitute our problem today. For example, although history does not repeat itself (and America today is vastly different from pre-Hitler Germany) there are some striking similarities between the present student rebellion and what happened in the German universities to spearhead the rise of Hitler. Then, as now, we see the same lumping together of all facets and institutions of society into one defamatory image. This is meant to symbolise a reality so monolithic that it becomes out of the

DR. BRUNO BETTELHEIM *is one of America's best-known psychologists. He is professor of psychology and psychiatry at the University of Chicago and head of the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School there. He is Austrian-born (1903) and gained his first experience with psycho-analysis in Vienna. He fled Europe in 1939 after a year in the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald; it was on these experiences that he based one of his most famous studies, "Individual and Mass Behaviour in Extreme Situations." Among his books are two scientific studies on the treatment and rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed children, "Love is Not Enough" (1950) and "Truants from Life" (1955). A more general work of social analysis was published in 1960 (Thames & Hudson, London and Free Press, New York) under the title, "The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age." His latest book is* Children of the Dream, *published by Macmillan (New York) and, later this year, by Thames & Hudson (London).*

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question to improve one or another part of it at a time. No need, then, for any reasonable assessment of differing merits for all the many and so different features of "the establishment"—or, in Nazi terminology, "*das System*." Having decided *a priori* that no improvement is possible, it follows that the only thing left is to bring down the whole system. With society so rotten, it can neither reform itself nor be reformed, but can only be born again through violent revolution. Goering's "When somebody mentions culture [or appeals to reason] I reach for my revolver" reappears today in the Black Panther slogan, "1968—THE YEAR OF THE PIG, THE DEATH OF THE BALLOT, THE BIRTH OF THE BULLET." And Tom Hayden gives it symbolic expression when he ends an impassioned appeal for revolution by going off stage to return brandishing a rifle.

THIS FASCINATION WITH VIOLENCE, the intoxication with repetitious exaggerations which are taken to demonstrate the validity of assertions, have their counterpart in the familiar anti-intellectual stance. One hammers home a simplistic reduction of complex issues, unwilling to consider reasonable arguments because those are only efforts to confuse the cause and divert the movement. The reliance is on inspiration because "gut" reactions, according to which the cause "feels" right, will prove its correctness. Since everything is based on felt, rather than thought-out convictions, there is no programme for what is to be done once the revolution succeeds. In short, these are "true believers." Just so were the German students before them convinced that theirs was the only moral position. Their moral absolutism gives them the right to destroy what they judge to be amoral—the right to break up and take over meetings, shout down or physically assault those not in full agreement with them. Indeed such militance is not only felt to be right, but an obligation.

In pre-Hitler Germany, of course, student rebels came from the extreme Right while now they are of the extreme Left. Then the new philosophy that won a mass following for the faithful was racist, was directed against a discriminated minority (the Jews), while now the avowed intention of radical students is to help a discriminated minority. Though this is an important difference, it does not change the essential parallel that, in each case, universities were coerced into procedures mapped out by the true believers—even to making appointments, in each case, on the basis of racial origin. To use only one example, German universities began to cave in when students coerced faculties to appoint professorships in *Rassenwissenschaft* (courses on the special history, merits, and achievements of one race apart from all others) instead of focusing all teaching on contributions to knowledge, whatever the origin of the scholar.

I stress the parallels because they seem to me to be characteristic of the violent, anti-intellectual youth movements of our age. Still, the social and economic realities of pre-Hitler Germany and of America and Western Europe today are so vastly different that one may hopefully expect a far different outcome.

WHAT SOCIAL or psychological changes, what present-day constellations can explain the different ways of Melville's time and our present adolescent revolt?

About the climate of student revolt, I can offer no deeper insight than Melville's description of Ishmael's state of mind. All too many of our late adolescents are choosing "pistol and ball" as an answer: that is to say, with no frontiers left for flight or for conquest some try to evade and escape an inner conflict they find unbearable by dropping out—today more and more often through the slow suicide of *LSD* or *Speed*. Such persons, even if they escape killing themselves, destroy their autonomous selves through a delusional life of non-existence. Others "step out into the street" in Melville's phrase, as if he had foreseen the adolescent itch to confront for the sake of confrontation. They are convinced that they are struggling actively for personal autonomy, but they are in fact destroying it as radically as those others who withdraw into solipsistic isolation.

Nevertheless today, just as in pre-Hitler days, rebellious students are pictured as the brave new generation, disgusted with the complacency of their parents, battling courageously for a better world. In what were then the mass media, they were seen as "idealists," young persons concerned with the real issues of society—the "wave of the future," as they came to be known. But in 1968 Left student activists burned books they disliked in the same manner and place (Berlin) that Hitler's youthful followers burnt them in 1933.

If I read the signs of our own times correctly, I do not think our student rebels, in and by themselves, are a serious political danger—though I deem them a real threat to the universities and the intellectual life of our society.

What I fear is rather the opposite: that the pro-

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vocative behaviour of a very small group of students will arouse a dangerous counter-reaction. Their Fascism of the Left (particularly when, as in the U.S.A., it is combined with a black fascism such as that of the "Panthers" whom they have been trying to annex) may bring on a Right backlash which could indeed strangle the democratic order. This is what I hold to be most menacing about the student attempts to create chaos: the democratic process could prove to be quite ineffectual in containing them. Clearly such demonstrations undermine trust in the democratic way and lead their opponents toward extreme solutions of their own. If this happens it could indeed swell the ranks of the still insignificant fascists of the right, give them a mass following that would constitute a very real danger. In desperation, and in order to prevent chaos, repressive measures might then be taken that would seriously threaten democratic institutions. The tactics of the New Left radicals, designed as they are to test and exhaust the patience of what they call the Establishment (or the System, or the Structure), do create desperation, particularly since the student movement has no comprehensive positive programme of its own and since revolution without a definite picture of what the future would be like when the revolution is over, can only contribute to the creation of well-founded anxiety. It is because of this danger that I believe we must deal with student rebellions. How else to do this constructively than by dealing with the deep-seated causes of widespread unrest among academic youth?

[1] As I write, I note that the presidents of three American universities (Michigan, Brandeis, San Francisco State) agreed that if the war in Viet Nam were to end tomorrow, it would do little or nothing to end student revolt ("The College Turmoil," *CBS News Special*, 15 April).

[2] In this speech (which was widely reprinted all over the U.S.) Professor Wald quoted a U.S. Senator who remarked on the floor of the Senate that if it came to nuclear war he would prefer that the survivors be Americans. Many (including me) would take exception to such a statement. But Professor Wald called it "criminally insane," and said he called it that speaking as a "Nobel Laureate" (in biology), a reliance on titular authority he would normally shun when not speaking as a "true believer." Since a criminally insane person should be locked up, Wald's remark suggests that the Senator be denied free speech. It is examples like this—where illustrious faculty members would deny freedom of speech to those they disagree with on grounds of their own higher truth—that disruptive students emulate when they deny the right to speak to those with whom they disagree.

The Age-groups of Anxiety

In order to understand the discontent, one has to begin by asking: "What do the dissenting youth, all round the globe, have in common?" In the U.S., students point first to Viet Nam and the Negro problem. Because of the first, they say, we have "no future" and no possibility of a "relevant" education; since society has failed to solve the problem of war and peace, it should be "destroyed." Even if some do not go quite so far, they distrust a society which (they say) does nothing to end violence, racial injustice, urban decay, air and water pollution, etc. But in Germany there is no Negro problem; in Japan there is no Viet Nam; in Italy and France no one threatens to make nuclear war. What, then, is common to so wide a cross-section of world youth? One thing they do share is that all are "against the Americans"—presumably because of the magnitude of their military establishment, and especially the Bomb. But Soviet Russia has an even larger standing army, relies just as much on atomic weapons, not only represses small nations but grants her own population, including her young people, considerably less freedom. Why, then, the concerted anger against the U.S.?

I believe there are sound psychological reasons for this, and for the indifference to suppression by the even larger, more powerful, military-industrial complex that rules all of Soviet life. I am convinced that Viet Nam and the Bomb serve youth as a screen for what really ails them. I refer to their feeling that "youth has no future" because modern technology has made them *obsolete*—that they have become socially irrelevant and, as persons, insignificant.[1] Not because their future is bleak with the prospect of a nuclear holocaust (as Professor George Wald told MIT students recently and for which they gave him a standing ovation) but because of their feeling that nobody needs them, that society can do nicely without them.[2] This is the even bleaker anxiety behind their feeling that "youth has no future." Because if a young man does not feel it is he who will be building the future, and is genuinely needed to bring it about, then the feeling is that he has none. That is why, in hopes of denying such an anxious conviction, they insist that their mission is to build a "wholly new and different" future. Their anxiety is not (as they claim) about an impending atomic war. It is not that society has no future. Their existential anxiety is that *they* have no future in a society that does not need them to go on existing.

It is modern technology—with its automation

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and computerisation—that seems to make man and his work obsolete, seems to rob him of his personal importance in the scheme of things. Since America's technology is the most advanced, it is the Americans who become the main target, whatever they do, or do not do. This may also explain the lack of ire against Soviet Russia's imperialism and atomic weaponry. Young Russians are still very much needed. They may lack freedom of expression and thought, but there is no question in their minds that their society needs them for its future. Deep down, what youth is fighting against is not so much the war in Viet Nam or the global balance, but an America whose technology seems to have robbed them of any place in the real work of the world.

It makes sense, then, that so much of their battle is fought in and around schools. (In the U.S.A.: the grammar and high schools where Negroes are concerned, or the colleges and universities where both whites and blacks are concerned. Actually, I believe, the problems of black students are entirely different from those of white students, but this is a subject for another discussion.) For it is education that prepares us for our place in the work of society. And if education today prepares us only to be replaceable items in the production machine, or to be programme assistants in its computer systems, then it seems to prepare us not for a chance to emerge in importance as persons, but only to serve the machine better. The battle against the "War Machine" serves more readily than most to disguise how much the battle is really a hatred of machines altogether for seeming to dominate the whole of life. Essentially—as for the 19th-century Luddite—the machinery, and what it appears to do to human beings, is the true enemy. And since youth does not trust the human intellect to find ways out of the impasse to which modern technology has brought us, they become anti-intellectual. Even the outcry against research, and in favour of teaching, bespeaks their conviction that intellectual labours are not the answer. Instead, they pin their hopes on the personal relation. It gives them, temporarily, the feeling that for at least as long as the personal interaction lasts, they are important to someone.

BEHIND THIS LIE EVEN MORE fundamental reasons why adolescent malaise grows so widespread. These begin to emerge, in my view, when we look in quite another direction: when we recognise that adolescent revolt is not a stage of development that follows automatically from our natural make-up. What makes for adolescent revolt is the fact that a society keeps the next generation too long in a state of dependence; too long, in terms of mature responsibility and a striving for independence, of a sense of place that one has personally striven for and won. This, I believe, is the common denominator of the various new movements of student power and youthful revolution. And that they occur only where affluence exists, only in the modern industrial state, is merely this common denominator as seen from the outside.

Years ago when schooling ended for the vast majority at 14 or 15 (and thereafter one became self-supporting, got married, had children) there was no need for adolescent revolt. Puberty is a biological fact, but adolescence as we know it, with its special identity crises, is not. All children grow up and become pubertal. They do not all become adolescents. To be adolescent means that one has reached (and even passed) the age of puberty, is at the very height of one's physical development—healthier, stronger, even handsomer than one has been, or will be, for the rest of one's life—but must nevertheless postpone full adulthood till long beyond what any other period in history has ever considered reasonable.

Unlike Melville's time, there are no more open frontiers. With such escape routes now closed, our society has no special place for adolescence—with the single exception of our colleges and universities. To compound matters, nowadays we push our young people towards maturity even while over-extending the years of their dependence. We start them sooner and sooner in school and make a farce of "graduations" (even from kindergarten now!) until school becomes a rat race with never a home stretch in sight. And so, by the time they get to college, they've "had it." I, for my part, doubt whether life was ever less of a rat race than today. But it only became a *senseless* rat race when more and more people came to feel that they were racing after goals that were not really worthwhile or urgent, since survival seemed so assured by the affluent state.

At the same time, only a small minority of youth emerges well prepared from the educational experience today (whether in the home or the school) for such a prolonged waiting, for controlling their angry impatience. Here we should not overlook the symbolic meaning of

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the student invasions of the office of the President or Dean. Big in size and age, those who sit-in feel like little boys with a need to "play big" by sitting in papa's big chair. They want to sit in the driver's seat, and they want to have a say in how things are run, not because they feel competent to do so, but because they cannot bear to feel incompetent a single moment longer.

The Desperate Search

I THINK IT IS unnatural to keep a young person in dependence for some 20 years of school attendance. This may be a bearable way of life for that small élite which would always have chosen it in the past. There were always those who could go to school for 20 years, but they were never more than a small percentage of the population—even of the university population which included those attending as a matter of caste. The tremendous push now on everyone to "go to university" has brought incredibly large numbers to the academic life who do *not* find their self-realisation through study or the intellectual adventure—or not at that point in their lives. What they still want urgently, however, is to find their manhood.

To make matters worse, our institutions of higher learning have expanded too fast. Under public pressure for more education for all, they have steadily increased enrolment without the means to make parallel adjustments in the learning situation. One result is far too large classes; another is the anonymity, the impersonal nature of student-faculty contacts against which students rightly complain. Too many classes in our large universities are taught by teaching assistants (some of whom share the same dilemma as the students, and hence tend to side with the rebellion). So, once again, the students feel cheated.

Professor Allan Silver of Columbia University has put his finger on what to me seems the real problem when he says, "Their attack on the university—whether as surrogate for society's sins, or for its own peculiar failings—has something to do with the desperate search for a livable home in America. . . ."[3] Most of all (one is tempted to add) they search for a home in which one is finally the master in his own house. Such students want, essentially, those group therapeutic experiences which will help them feel they have at long last come of age. But colleges are simply not mass therapeutic institutions, and hence they must inevitably disappoint the students where their greatest need lies.

It is, thus, the waiting for things—waiting for the real life to come—that creates a climate in which a sizeable segment of students are chronically seduced into following the militant lead of a small group of zealots. In the words of Jerry Rubin, the Yippie organiser:

> Who the hell wants to "make it" in America any more? The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfil our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.[4]

Campus rebellion seems to offer youth a chance to short-cut the time of empty waiting and to prove themselves real adults. This can be seen from the fact that most rebellious students, on both sides of the Atlantic, are either undergraduates, or those studying the social sciences and humanities. There are precious few militants among students of medicine, chemistry, engineering, the natural sciences. To dismiss this as self-selection would be oversimplifying. It is true that those who come to the university and who are already deeply dissatisfied with themselves and society, tend to study psychology, political science, philosophy, sociology. Such students even choose psychology in the hope that to study it will add to self-knowledge (which it can) and will solve their psychological problems (which it cannot). Feeling lost in themselves, they also feel lost with others and come to think that by studying society, they will feel more at home in the world, and hence with themselves. But when the study of these and related subjects fails to solve their inner difficulties, or the various problems they have in relating to others, they come to hate the university whose teaching disappoints them. They are convinced that the teaching is "irrelevant"—as indeed it is when it comes to solving deep-seated emotional problems of long standing, because it was never designed to that end.

[3] Allan Silver, "Who Cares for Columbia?", *The N.Y. Review of Books* (30 January 1969).

[4] Jerry Rubin, "An Emergency Letter to My Brothers and Sisters in the Movement," in *The N.Y. Review of Books* (13 Feb. 1969). Rubin was Project Director for the March on the Pentagon in October 1967, and an organiser of Yippie activists at the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention.

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ANOTHER AND EVEN MORE widespread disenchantment derives from what I have discussed earlier: the need of late adolescents to feel that their labours make a difference in the world, and the depressing conviction that they do not. For it is hard to see how the average social science student or the student of humanities can get a sense of importance from his studies until such time as he is deeply immersed in them: and this takes effort and concentration. Even then, the feeling may be somewhat esoteric. But what swifter and surer way to feel active than to become an activist? On the other hand, as Michael Beloff has pointed out, "Student power has no meaning in the laboratory; no one doubts the need for leadership by the more experienced of the less experienced...."[5] While one can easily convince oneself that one knows precisely what's wrong with society, particularly if one's friends all agree, it is impossible to fool oneself that one knows what went wrong in the cancerous cell—or of how easy it would be to "create a new system" in the sciences. One has to try to test one's conviction about shortcomings in science through experiment; and if poorly thought-out experiments fail, one must study to see why they failed. It may seem easy to believe one can create "a better world" without working things out in detail, but it is impossible to claim solution for a problem in chemistry without the experiment to prove it, and this takes real work.

The medical student who is confronted with cancerous tissue cannot believe what he is doing, or the discipline it demands, is "irrelevant." Which may explain the large number of clinical-psychology students (those studying emotional disturbance in the vain hope that this will cure their own) among campus dissenters, and the near total absence among them of students of experimental or physiological psychology.

Those who cannot find themselves in their studies or their work are hence the most vocal in finding the university irrelevant. Typically, the militant finds his largest following among the newcomers, those with least time or chance as yet to find a place for themselves at the university. Some try to find this place instantly, by plunging into active, even violent battle against the existing order. Yet, if they should win they would be changing the university into an institution that no longer serves inquiry and study, into a belligerent political workshop for the reshaping of society. And it is exactly that which the militant personality wants to be "part of"—not inquiry and study, but *la lutte finale*.

This is not to say that political change is not needed. It is merely to insist that the campus is not the pertinent arena, for the purpose of the academic inquiry is to search for proper avenues of reform, not to drop the inquiry in order to carry the gun.

Freudian Ambiguities

I SHOULD like to speak briefly of the small group of leaders of the radical Left, whom I have come in recent years, for one reason or another, to know well. In most cases, it has seemed to me, their intellect was developed at much too early an age, and at the expense of their emotional development. Although exceedingly bright, some remained emotionally fixated at the age of the temper tantrum. It is this discrepancy between great intellectual maturity and vast emotional immaturity which is so baffling—often even to the professors and university administrators who fail to see, behind the obvious intelligence, the inability to brook delay or to think rationally or to act responsibly. This blind spot is an occupational hazard of the academic mind. Committed as academicians to the intellect as the highest of values, they are so captivated by the intelligence of student rebels that they are ready to excuse, or overlook, the cult of open contempt for reason-based action.

One other personal impression. Practically all those who have investigated the phenomena of student revolts and the related upsurge of beatniks and hippies) have been struck by the dominance among the leadership of the children of enlightened, upper-middle-class parents. Nothing is so illuminating as to listen to what these students tell us, when they are asked why they feel the establishment has to be "smashed" down, why they feel this society, of which they are such obviously privileged members, is not worth being preserved or improved. As one Harvard senior has reported:

> Time after time *SDS* members respond to questions about their views on the sickness of society with, "Well, take my father for example...."

[5] Michael Beloff, "October for the Rebels," ENCOUNTER (October 1968).

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Just as often, in my own experience, I received the answer, "Take my parents for example. . . ." And it is indeed in the new ways of rearing children in the upper-middle-class home that we have to look for some additional answers.

What is wrong? Firstly, because of the ways we have brought them up as infants and children, we send so many youngsters into adolescence very ill-prepared for the kind of identity crisis I have just described—the one caused by a prolonging of adolescence beyond all reasonable limits.

Second is the fact that so many of us adults do not want to recognise the adolescent's experiment with extremes as being exactly that. Many among the intelligentsia are well aware that, for sound or understandable psychological reasons, adolescents may have to experiment in their own mind with extreme and non-viable solutions. But too many, who should know better, are suddenly calling them potentially viable solutions—ones that should, therefore, get serious consideration. Thus, when we adults fail to take a stand from which adolescents can sort out for themselves which ideas are suitable for experiment in thought only, youth is left without any clear directions. They come to believe that whatever can be experimented with in thought is also suitable to be tried in reality.

Much of this comes of a misapplication of psycho-analytic insights and procedures. This can be illustrated by the question of violence and the learning of controls. Psycho-analysis has certainly suggested that we should not suppress our inner rages but should face them. But we were only expected to face them in thought, and only in the safely structured treatment-situation. This has been misapplied by large numbers of the educated middle classes to mean that aggression should always be expressed, and not just in thought. Accordingly, many children today do not learn to repress aggression enough: to express it in thought, and not in violence. They do not internalise superego controls over their rages. Consequently, when adolescent pressures flood them with aggression, they have no built-in ways to control it or restrict it to thought only. What Freud taught us about the crippling effects of an over-repression of emotions—because that was where the shoe pinched in *his* day—has been wrongly extended to mean it is all right to discharge emotions in action, including rage, without control of the discharge by fear or by rational reflection.

I speak of "fear" because of a related misunderstanding of Freud: the vague feeling among parents and educators that children should never be made to feel frightened at breaking a moral command. Not only are our children ill-prepared to brook delay, they have also been confronted with a morality whose basic motivation we have done our best to remove. We want to remove fear from the life of the child, but we want him to curb his own tendencies towards violence as if we had not. Yet for children, the earliest controls of violence rest on fear and are largely irrational; they come from the moral commands of adults. On the basis of fear, not of rational judgment, the child is told what he "must do" and "must not do." Only later does the mature ego apply reason to these *do's* and *don'ts* and then slowly subject them to critical judgment. Only as maturity grows can we slowly free ourselves of fear and begin to question its absolute tenets.

What was wrong, then, with old-fashioned, authoritarian education was not that it rested on fear. On the contrary, that is what was right with it. What was wrong was that it disregarded the need to modify the fear in a continuous process so that irrational anxiety would steadily give way to more rational motivation. Today many parents are no longer willing to take displeasure from their children by imposing controls. But neither are they willing to invite the child to join in the troublesome search for alternatives whenever frustration occurs. To such parents, modern psychology seems a way out.

Because Freud showed them the evil effects of too much fear, of too much Victorian repression—because he concentrated on what most plagued the middle classes *then*—our own middle classes (to paraphrase Schiller) learned carefully how their master coughed and spit in order to totally disregard what he taught. Freud certainly knew that without strong inner controls (preferably conscious ones) man would sink back into barbarism. If he stressed it less, it was because the dominant pathology in his day came of too much, not too little, control. But with both teachings available, many middle-class families chose to follow Freud where it suited their convenience, and were as demanding of conformity as the worst Victorian parent where it did not. In either case, they evaded their adult responsibility. Whereas the old way

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of repression was at least all of a piece, the modern way is one of contradictions. Some instinctual tendencies are still repressed as before, while others are directed towards discharge without intervening thought and rational control. This makes no sense at all, and it is a major source of the youthful cry that our society *seems* senseless. Even worse, the decisions as to what to repress and what to discharge are based not on the interests of the child, but the convenience of adults. This, in my view, is where the fatal error lies and it constitutes what most outrages youth. That is, instinctual pleasure was not given so the child could begin life by enjoying his own body and, hence, the world, but as a bribe held out so the child would become more proficient at making his parents feel good about themselves. Sufficient reason then, for such youngsters to make a farce of permissiveness by asking for everything, with no sense of obligation to give in return. When I see some of these students—"way out," or "unwashed and unkempt"—though, of course, nothing I say here is true for all of them—I cannot help thinking: "There goes another youngster who, as an infant, was practically scrubbed out of existence by his parents in the name of good hygiene and loving care. . . ."

Any look at their manner of dress or hair-do should demonstrate how they revolt against parents who told them they could dress as they liked, provided they came out looking exactly as pleased the parents' pride, and not the child's convenience. Yet, in a strange contradiction—and I talk of the inner contradictions that tear the Extremist apart and mark all his outer behaviour, his hatred of self and society, and of all adults over 30—he only seems to reverse, or to compensate for, what his parents did to him. He seems, on the surface, to be doing "the opposite"; he believes that in his manner of dress he is defying his parents; yet, deep down, he is still copying their behaviour. He mistreats the legitimate needs of his body just as much as his parents did, only this time not by scrubbing, but by neglect. Having been pushed out of infancy and childhood towards higher maturity in one area. and indulged or overstimulated in others, he finds himself in a crisis that can only tear him to pieces.

As these children strive for independence from their parents, how natural it is that some "drop out" while others furiously resent the professors (those parental figures, once removed). That the academic faculty is resented for some of the reasons I have mentioned, may be inferred from the angry charges of students that "professors care more for their research than for teaching," as if the search for and transmission of knowledge were not all of a piece. True, a lot of pedantic research goes on at universities (though a lot of pedants also teach who have never done a stitch of research). But, in general, I have found those who combine teaching with a meaningful search for knowledge the more inspiring teachers.

THE CONTRADICTORY REARING I speak of would still be manageable (as parental contradictions always were) if, as the youngster approached adulthood, he could begin at last to arrange for what to him was a meaningful life of his own. Failing that, all he can do to reassert his independence is to reverse parental standards in his style of living, of dress, of sexual behaviour. And this is where he collides head-on with the final contradiction that, in my opinion, provokes student revolt. Because deep down he knows these are empty postures, that it is only making a show of self-determination when to be sustained by his parents (or the taxpayers) at college disproves it. All of his life, up to now, he has been told that he must learn to be a self-directing person. Now at last, when the pressures are overwhelming to do and to be just that, he is told to go on being dependent, beholden to the grown-ups for his livelihood, to follow directions, to study hard, and to submit to examinations where others will decide whether and what he has achieved.

The "scene" where this happens for millions of students is the university, and it is the university he lashes out at—though the university can neither end a war, dismantle a military-industrial complex, or achieve for him the personal independence he craves. Since he does not know (or does not dare to know) what his deepest longing and deepest rages are, he does not take them where they belong. He does not burn down his parents' home, or even the Capitol. What he threatens to burn down is the university. It is the university, he believes, that is keeping him from manhood.

Psychologically I found most student extremists hating themselves as intensely as they hate the establishment—a self-hatred they try to escape from by fighting *any* establishment. Here, again, this is not to say an established social order is not always due, and sometimes

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overdue, for reform. But I maintain that despite the high-sounding moral charges against its sins, those sins (in the hearts and minds of youth) are not "the destruction of youth in Viet Nam" but the neglect of youth on the home front: they think they have been classified as "waste material," and they feel compelled to "reject a system that rejects us."

Paranoia & Politics

I HAVE worked professionally with some militant leaders for years, and I know that student revolt permits the social isolate to believe temporarily that he is "part of a community," and offers an opportunity for the paranoid person to act out his paranoia as could happen in no other niche of society. I have found it all too understandable that so many extreme isolates and paranoids have quickly flocked to the ranks of Extremism. Unfortunately, most non-professionals do not know how persuasive paranoiacs can be in their unconscious appeal to the vague and fleeting paranoia of the immature and disgruntled. Paranoiacs are always persuasive in their appeal to any group of the population who rightly or wrongly feel persecuted. They seek out such groups as most likely to take their paranoia for a true understanding of the particular dilemma of a group's grievances.

Political activity for such persons enables them to escape a complete break with reality. They may interpret reality in line with their delusions, but at least they remain in touch with isolated aspects of reality, and the support and admiration of their followers is another, though most tenuous, contact.

I know one student activist who took part in every demonstration he could, because while they lasted they gave him a temporary feeling of being "close to others." For the same reason he pressed for as many (and as drawn-out) demonstrations and sit-ins as he could. Or, as Professor Silver has described the climate inside the four occupied buildings at Columbia University in the spring of 1968:

> An intense communal life emerged, in which students at last enjoyed [a] shared commitment and purpose.... This enjoyment became one of the chief purposes of the uprising, something that could not easily be bargained or negotiated away.

But then one day, the student I have referred to was on one of his marches, and the instruction was given that each one should hold someone's hand. It so happened that he found himself without anyone holding on to his. It was after this experience that he also began to take drugs to escape his personal misery, until eventually he entered psychiatric treatment. Much later, recalling the incident in therapy, he still remembered with tears: "No one held mine...."

TO EMBRACE THE EXTREME POSITION, then, can actually be an ego defensive action. It succeeds because the discharge of rage and violence drains off the aggression that would otherwise destroy whatever paranoid defences remained working. Typical of such persons is the quasi- or openly delusional quality of their beliefs, their inaccessibility to reason while loudly complaining that nobody listens to them, the oversimplification of issues, and the preoccupation with violence and destruction (the imagined destruction of themselves, and the readiness to consider the destruction of their enemies). All of this is combined with an absence of, or emotional paucity and flatness in their personal relations.

For them, an essential purpose of revolt is not to reach a limited or tangible goal, such as an acceptance of some or even all of their demands, but to escape their devastating isolation, or to prove themselves strong, or both. Since the weakness is their own, no achievement of goals will ever satisfy, and that is why negotiated solutions are rejected and the ends always escalate. Such goals as are achieved merely add to frustration. Success merely threatens to make them realise that the goal reached has not in any way relieved the inner sense of isolation or weakness, of being oppressed, and it ends the fleeting relief they enjoyed in the struggle.

The Germans called their own rebellious adolescents the *Halbstarken* or the half-strong. In German, the connotation is that they feel their weakness but wish to deny it through a show of great strength. Only it does not "come off," because all their efforts (to continue in American slang) are only "half-assed": which, in *The Dictionary of American Slang*, means: "Ignorant of a specific field of endeavour or pertinent facts; without full or proper plans, experience, knowledge or understanding...."

But even if some of these rebellious students are paranoid, and others desperate isolates, both pathologies have existed in all societies, and can hardly explain our problem. Certainly it does

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not account for the seriousness or the magnitude of the present student revolt. For our real concern is not so much with the activist leaders as with their followers: that larger and ever-changing body of students whom the leaders can attract and enlist once they have set up the Confrontation that pits the world of the fathers against the world of the sons.

JUST AN ADDITIONAL WORD, however, about the small group of the militant leaders. I find their psychological makeup very different indeed from that of those serious students who are deeply concerned with what is wrong in our universities and in society; who try for improved ways of doing things, but who know that violence only leads to destruction, and who respect themselves and others too much to manipulate them, to push them around or to prevent others from doing their own freely chosen work. The militant leaders have very different motives. Most of them I found to be consumed by a self-hatred from which they try to escape by fighting *any* establishment. Many of these extremists are highly intelligent and very verbal. Unfortunately their claim to act out of high motives, and their occasional on-target attack on real evils, has misled many well-meaning people into overlooking the true motif: this is hate, not desire for a better world. This is not to say that much in our world is not itself hateful: but only that hatred and the lust for destruction never lead to an improvement of life. Here we should not overlook how many—and for how long!—were taken in by Hitler's emphasis on "the suffering of the people" as a mainspring of his actions; a great many Germans (and not a few Europeans) hoped he would indeed create a new order, overlooking the fact that the real source of his passion for change was an overwhelming *ressentiment*.

It is their hatred of society that makes it so easy for the small group of militant leaders to make common cause with two other small groups that provide temporary leadership for some rebellions: those persons who suffer from extreme isolation, and those who are clearly paranoid. I do not believe the number of paranoids among students is greater than their number would be in any comparable group of the population. They become dangerous because their high intelligence makes them so successful at hiding their disturbance from the layman. Recently a former extremist tried to explain to me why he became so engaged.

> "Instead of my true emptiness and hate, I could, in the Movement, claim that I loved Man. I could think I was constructive and not destructive. Because I had no real self, did not feel any understanding for the individual, I had to have group beliefs. When I was able to take my anger out on the System, screaming with others, *'Hey, hey, LBJ, how many kids have you killed today?'* it was both a release and a connection. . . ."

After a few years of this existence he came to realise that "it was similar to fascism and that I had gotten involved with an evil, power hungry, manipulating, fascist-type Left. . . . Then I was healthy enough to get out. . . ."

After such knowledge and partings of the ways, we should take very seriously what he now has to say:

"I had and still have no respect for our schools because they always thought I was so good and bright [all through school he had been an outstanding student] when I was so sick. The rebelliousness of the extremists is caused by this emotionally starved and contact denied infancy. I was attracted to Communism because they have communal nurseries, so that mothers cannot 'murder' their infants [as he felt his mother had done]. . . . My leftist preoccupation was to change the world so that what had happened to me could not and would not happen to any other child." What he meant was, namely, his exploitation by his parents for their narcissistic needs which required that he should be an outstanding academic, that he concentrate on developing his intellect, at the expense of satisfying his most urgent inner needs. Like many others of the extreme militants who are often so bright, he was intellectually precocious but, emotionally, terribly immature.

I was also told this:

> "One motivation in my politicalisation wasn't in the least political. After having sat inactive, internally and externally—in school and outside—most of my life, I could now picket, distribute leaflets, run off to Washington, work and talk with people all over the country, as if I had a connection to other people. . . . It was either doing that, or remaining what to me seemed an inept, selfish, bored, lifeless and friendless, in short, a lost child. I felt if I would stop fighting I would disappear, because my stake and claim to life would disappear with it. But in the Movement there was always something new to get involved in, and I couldn't let my involvement stop and be faced with myself. . . .
>
> "We had teach-ins. And in protest against the Army Draft we had a sit-in and a sleep-in. We all slept together, in the president's office, on his rugs. There I met a new boy-friend. Later that week I and a few other members of *SDS* went

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> to confront the president in his office. I was aware of the fact that with me, and many others on the Left, if we were granted what we said we wanted, we would no longer be happy—for we could no longer protest. We would be useless, we would be nothing, we would have to face ourselves. . . ."

My thesis is that more than anything else it is the seeming vacuum to which we graduate so many of our young in the modern industrial state, which so convinces them that ours is a society that cannot make sense. This is the ground on which they make common cause with the activist leader; though for the activist, the emotional world his parents fashioned for him made "no sense" from the very beginning. It is on this common evaluation of the present that the many temporarily join ranks against the existing order with the few who lead them. The difference is that for the extremist, the overpowering motive is to uproot not to reform. For within him is the utter despair that anything could ever be right for him, an outlook bred into him during a lonely and desperate childhood when too much was asked of him and too little was given.

That is why student followers begin to look at things differently once the present becomes more satisfying—thanks either to a satisfying sexual relation, a reasonably good marriage, gratifying work, or some other satisfaction. The leaders remain committed to upheaval. Their permanent commitment is again reflected in the lack of designs for a better world to come once the revolution is made. Their unhappy beginnings have been a prologue; the rest of their lives may turn out to be one long epilogue to the rage that overwhelmed them in childhood. They continue to feel helpless to build anything positive in the huge world outside them, the world of their parents. Just as the infant sees his elders as so forbidding that, while they are still around, he can do nothing to better his fate, so it is for these rebellious students who project their past on to present conditions. Until they can be rid of this "establishment" they feel they have no chance at all to live their own lives.

The Secret Excitement

We know that each society can raise a new generation in its own way. For example, if a society does not taboo sex, children will grow up in relative sex freedom. But so far, historical experience has indicated that such a society does not create culture or civilisation, but remains a primitive society. Without a fair degree of sex repression, no latency period; without latency, no prolonged span of intellectual learning. And the same goes for reasonable (but not overwhelming) fear. Without some fear, no internalisation; with too much fear, overwhelming rage or despair. Moderate fear leads to the internalisation without which we cannot work for long-range goals, cannot control our instinctual tendencies towards violence or aggression. Too much fear leads to utter withdrawal, or else to violent and destructive enactments. That is why controls will not work when the pressures pushing against them are too heavy—as when youth arrives at coming-of-age and feels it has no place to go.

It may be objected here that psycho-analysis is not responsible for errors in modern child-rearing, any more than nuclear scientists who did not personally work on the Bomb were to blame when the knowledge they discovered was destructively used. But once that did happen, they became actively concerned, and their house organ, the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, stressed a more rational control of their discoveries. My charge, then, against my own profession is that in their formal or informal efforts to educate outside of the treatment room, too little thought is devoted to dangerous misapplications of their findings; nor is there any concerted action to spread awareness of the dangers.

In the case of rebellious youth, our profession bears a second burden of guilt, but this one it shares with the whole adult community of literate adults. We fail these youth if we do not act on our knowledge of what lies behind the grandiloquent way in which they give voice to their confusion and distress. We should know how to interpret their rejection of reason, their reliance on coercion, and ultimately on violence itself.

Professor Lewis Feuer, who has studied (and was himself deeply involved in) the student revolt at Berkeley, has correctly observed:

> Because the driving energy of such a movement stems largely from unconscious sources, it has trouble defining what it wants. The ideological consciousness is founded on the emotional unconscious of a generational revolt.[6]

To which I would add that even more critical

[6] Lewis S. Feuer, *Conflict of Generations* (Basic Books, New York, 1969).

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for extremists is the unconscious revolt against how they were brought up by their families.

But to unravel unconscious sources is the task of adults. Despite the present turmoil, these inner causes of outward behaviour are not being exposed by us as fearlessly and vigorously as when Freud pulled the veil away from a set of high-sounding moral claims and exposed Victorian sexuality for the sham that it was. We do not, in regard to student excesses, confront with equal vigour the inner anxieties that power the high-sounding moral pronouncements—whether voiced by the leaders of dissent or their adult public supporters. We are so anxious to look progressive that we fail to analyse the unconscious causes for such behaviour, though that is the only way we can help them with their inner conflicts.

Beholden as we are to some of the virtues admittedly present among rebellious students—just as there was considerable virtue in Victorian respectability—we refrain on that account from exposing their vices. But to refrain here is as much a betrayal as to deny there is merit to such complaints as may be sound and just.

THERE ARE REASONS why it is mainly the children of Leftist parents who become hippies or student revolutionaries in American society. The emotional content of student revolt may always be the same, yet its political content depends largely on the belief of the parents. In many ways it is a desperate wish to do better than the parent, especially where the parent seemed weak in his beliefs. This makes it just as desperate a wish for parental approval. But most of all it is a desperate wish that the parent should have been strong in the convictions that motivate his actions. This is why so many of our radical students embrace Maoism, why they chant *"Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh"* in their demonstrations (with the noise that other generations of students expended at football rallies). They chant of strong fathers with strong convictions who powerfully coerce their children to follow their commands. While consciously they demand freedom and participation, unconsciously their commitment to Mao, and leaders like him, suggests their desperate need for controls from the outside, since without them they cannot bring order to their own inner chaos.[7]

C. P. Snow's recent novel, *The Sleep of Reason*, deals with precisely this issue of adult abdication from the teaching of controls. Two young Lesbians (one a leader raised in the new freedom, the other a follower) abduct a small boy. First they torture him, "to teach him obedience," and then they kill him, "to see how it feels." What both girls felt was so missing in their lives they try to recapture through a sexual crime. Snow raises the problem of whether this is what comes of thinking we could raise our children in freedom. He asks: Have we, in our desire for instinctual and political emancipation, so put our reason to sleep that we have brought forth monsters? And a second and even deeper problem he broaches is the secret excitement provided for us by the violent and at times obscene behaviour of these, our children.

In my own experience at faculty meetings, and listening to intellectuals talking about the turbulent events, I have come to a sense of how much these movements feed on excitements secretly felt and hidden from oneself. There is abroad in society today a fascination with sex and violence, with drugs and insanity, that student militants exploit to the full. If students protest and do so in orderly fashion, they get little or no public attention. But if they shed all their clothes and walk around naked, this makes news across the nation, whatever the original cause or conflict may have been.

Universities in particular lend a prestige to the claims of revolutionary students they would otherwise never enjoy. For example, there were days when no more than some 20 or 30 students occupied the administration building of the University of Chicago; but they got their

[7] There is another reason why rebellious youth has put Castro, and particularly Che Guevara, in its pantheon of heroes. It is the romantic appeal of the man who leaves the city culture and goes out into the wilderness (as did Ishmael, and the early explorers and pioneers) which attracts them to both. It shows how little they have outgrown childhood identifications with archaic culture heroes, how little they have accepted the ego ideals of maturity in our time—those of the scientist or political leader who attempts to ameliorate an imperfect industrial society, not those who try to escape or destroy it. Both Cuban guerrillas represent an image of individual man living a primitive life outside of a hated society. It is again the pre-machine age that is being extolled. It is modern technology (they feel) that robs them of the chance to be strong, to be men. Like Che Guevara they choose a quixotic battlefield and certain defeat with the poor—to whom they romantically ascribe all the attributes of Rousseau's noble savage, although the poor want nothing more than to enjoy, at long last, all the material advantages which only a highly industrialised society can provide.

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daily headlines and were featured prominently in the newscasts of radio and TV. If some 30 people had demonstrated anywhere else, such coverage would never have occurred. This the *SDS* knows, hence their concentration on the universities. The contrast between an institution devoted to the highest achievements of reason, and the obscene and violent happenings perpetrated there, makes it all the more fascinating. On this fascination, student militants try to build their success.

Professor Erwin Scheuch has called it the technique of *parasitical publicity*.[8] An idea in itself, he says, may be next to nothing, but it becomes news by interfering with something else which is considered, for one reason or another, to be of public importance. Thus, in themselves, a couple of hundred demonstrators somewhere in New York or Chicago would mean very little. But

> if you march into a large lecture hall, take control of the podium, and broadcast your own ideas to people who came to hear something quite different, then you have made news.... This is where the function of political phraseology becomes operative.

If girls dress up as witches and put a curse on professors (as they did in Chicago), or undress in public and walk around naked (as they did on other campuses) but without reference to the "sickness of society," everyone might well get the impression that it was they, poor souls, who were sick. But if they

> do so as a condemnation of the Viet Nam war ... they have the support of many of the older liberals and enlightened radicals, who will inevitably consider it all to be very socially significant. If you are a teen-ager wrestling with the police and you say you are doing it because of the moral superiority of a future social order, you cannot fail to get the sympathetic attention of the editors of all... radio- and TV-stations, rather than psychiatrists and youth welfare workers. The ritualistic invocation of ideology is thus both an alibi and a defence.

Recapturing the Initiative

ABSURD OR NOT, these rebellions can and do paralyse universities. Not only because classes are interrupted and buildings occupied, not only because the faculty must devote all their energies to calming things down, but because all the time and effort that should go to more lasting achievements are diverted to forestalling the next confrontation.

In our universities today we see faculty members who strive to remain aloof from it all, while others try to anticipate even the most radical of student demands in order to avoid confrontations. Unfortunately, too little is done to activate more constructive attempts at reform or to mobilise alternative student groups. Yet what this age group needs and wants is to be active. Even if student representatives were to sit on all faculty committees, take part in all their ponderous deliberations, this is not the active life youth hankers for. Much as they now clamour for it, they would soon enough want "out." Instead of searching, however, for modes of bringing action to student life, university authorities seem to spend their time worrying about what the militants may do next or in anxious efforts to give them no offence. Worst of all, many are so intimidated that they cave in before the students have even begun to exert pressure. All this has been sapping the universities of their strength to the point of paralysis. This anxious avoidance of taking a firm stand gives militants—but also many non-committed students—the feeling that they have the faculty on the run. What spectacle could be more irresistibly attractive?

If the colleges and universities felt sure of their values, took a determined stand against coercive intimidation—while open to and inviting reasonable discussion of any and all relevant improvements—I believe student rebellions would cease to be a threat. And here, I believe, lies the true challenge to our universities—the opportunity to give a lead to intellectual life, and beyond that to society in general.

The liberal mind in America and elsewhere has made all too much of a fetish out of formal democratism. They are so afraid they may be thought to be "unpopulistic," that they have become helpless when faced by the threats of mob rule. True, no system of government is more vulnerable than a democratic framework of civil liberties. If it should ever lose its ability to right itself by adapting to emergencies without losing its democratic way, it will indeed perish: destroyed either by an authoritarianism of the Right or the Left, or by its own defensive recourse to repressions that would displace it just as decisively. The alternative to being

[8] E. K. Scheuch, "The Liberation from Right Reason," ENCOUNTER, April.

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destroyed from without by revolution, or from within by suppression, is to win back the consensus that protects it without the need for repressive extremes. So far the universities have done a poor job of protecting themselves; they have been vacillating between repression and surrender.

But the day seems gone when we could rely on our institutions remaining unchallenged because those who had a voice in them were part of a once broad consensus, part of the only establishment that counted and ran things. From now on, all institutions will be questioned —through force and intimidation, if the challengers can get away with it—through superior reasoning, if we are strong enough to permit nothing less. The more we invite and take advantage of sound reasons for and against change, and the more firmly we protect ourselves from coercion, the better off everyone will be.

At this moment in history both seem equally needed. If proposed changes are bad they should be rejected, violence or no. If they are better than what exists, why should they have to be dragged into being under duress, and thus legitimise the effectiveness of violence? On both counts it would seem the better part of valour for universities to recapture the vital thing they have lost: the initiative for change.

I THINK IT SHOULD BE obvious by now what I believe some of these much-needed improvements might be. Firstly, all too many who now go to university have little interest, ability, or use for what now constitutes higher education. They would be better off with a high-level education in the professions and the services, closely linked to a work programme. This would give scope to their need to be active, while enjoying tangible achievement in the immediate present. Their complaint is that "nobody needs" them. Since they feel themselves to be parasites of society, they come to hate a world which gives them such a feeling. But nothing so balances the uncertain sense of being an apprentice as already to be actively serving in the profession one is beginning.

Here we should not be above learning from the communist countries where study is combined with work in the factory and field (particularly if we include the service occupations). I believe this to be a much better arrangement for those who feel no deep commitment to study and research—and those who do will always be a relatively small part of this age group. I would even suggest a youth service programme of a few years' duration (something on the order of a civilian peace corps) in which young people could work on socially relevant projects while earning pay, and getting higher professional training as they do. After this period, only those would go to universities who really wanted to. By that time most of them would probably have acquired a real stake in society because they had been helping to shape it. At the very least, they would be better prepared for permanent jobs because of the training received.

So long as the need for an army draft in the U.S.A. continues, civilian service could be an alternative choice. Only those young Americans who preferred it would serve in the armed forces, making it a voluntary army. I am convinced that if every able-bodied person had to serve two years in one programme or the other, there would be no scarcity of those with a preference for two years of military service. This would further do away with the special draft exemption of U.S. college students which provokes so much unrest. Because if I am exempt from serving in Viet Nam when others are not, I can only live in peace with myself by believing it an amoral war. (As if there was ever a moral war!)

As for the extreme elements in the *groupuscules* who lead the student rebellion, I have little to add here. Without the current widespread discontent among youth, they would find scant enough following, which might force them to do something constructive for themselves. How could one assist in providing for them those emotional experiences which would help them out of their desperate isolation? For some, that could be provided most effectively by psychotherapy. If some others did seriously break the law they could, without followers, readily be contained. It is the mass support they arouse because of the general unrest among youth which alone makes them dangerous. I think it would be wrong to concentrate, in our thinking and planning for youth, in or out of college, on these very few. Our focus belongs on how to provide our young people with the real life experiences and the emotional satisfactions they need, for these are very different from those which their largely unconscious motives will go on pushing them towards for want of better direction.

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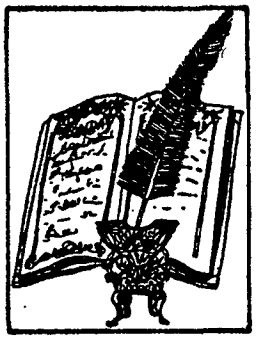

Column

THE UNIVERSITIES have come to occupy so central and vital a place in American life, which after all is a matter which for better or worse deeply affects us all, that anything we can learn about them deserves our warmest gratitude. And indeed in the last few years we have not lacked for such material; student revolt has thrown the problems of the American universities into such sharp relief that they have become front-page news and hardly a day passes without some bizarre yet illuminating incident which is fully and faithfully recorded in the press.

Of course, to keep things in perspective, we should remember that our own universities also have their troubles. But so far at least they have been confined within fairly limited bounds, and no British university has yet been reduced to the condition of violence and disorder which has come to seem almost commonplace on American campuses; what are the troubles of Essex compared with those of Columbia or Berkeley?

I do not think we should feel too complacent about this. It is simply that even now, after the enormous expansion of recent years, the universities in Britain still do not have the crucial importance which they have assumed in the United States and so are far less directly exposed to all the tensions and pressures of society as a whole. When, if ever, they do, we may perhaps expect to see much the same kind of scenes enacted here; that is, of course, unless we are willing to learn by some of the lessons which are being so painfully imposed upon the American universities today.

One of these lessons, because all the charm and glamour of novelty, inventiveness, spontaneity, are on the side of students, is that there are two sides to student revolt; even a confrontation requires something to confront. Revolt in the universities would have lost at least its ostensible *raison d'être* without the existence of faculties, senates, councils, courts and all the other top-heavy administrative organs whose primary, or at least whose public function today seems to be to excite students to hysteria and obscenity.

Of these, of course, it is the faculty which is the most important. It is the members of faculty who, as a matter of daily routine, have to meet the assault of the students, their contempt, their jeers, their vituperation, their physical violence, face to face. It is they who, while students stage sit-ins and freak-outs, occupy buildings, and threaten libraries with arson, huddle together in hastily called committees and try to solve the awful question presented to them by the students: *What then must we do?*

It is surprising therefore that, while by now thousands of pages have been devoted (not least by ENCOUNTER) to the cause of student revolt, to its psychology and sociology and philosophy (if one can use such a term), to its heroes, its battles, its strategy and tactics, very few people have thought it worth while to look at what is happening on the other side of the hill, at the reactions of those who are being attacked, or at the ideas and ideals with which they hope to counter the assault of the insurgent students. Sometimes indeed it almost seems as if they had totally vanished from the scene, having fled at the first sign of attack, and one hardly knows whether it is their own fault, or that of those who report the running fight on the campus, that the university authorities seem to invite the judgment: *les absents ont toujours tort.*

FROM TIME TO TIME, however, one comes across documents which at least help to illuminate the obscurity in which university teachers labour. One of them, I think, is the summer number of *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. It is a bulky volume, of nearly 300 pages, and is devoted entirely to the subject of *The Future of the Humanities*. In addition to twenty papers contributed by those who took part in the conference, it also contains a *procès verbale* of the discussions which they provoked. Considered as a whole, the volume might well be taken, and, one supposes, is meant to be taken, as a survey of what some of the most distinguished teachers of the humanities in America think of the present and future condition of their subject.

I cannot help feeling, after studying this volume with a certain horrified fascination, that its title is to a large extent misleading. Its eminent contributors are less concerned with the actual state of learning in the subjects which they profess and the future to which this may be expected to lead than with the question: What is going to happen to us *if students go on behaving, feeling, and thinking as they do now?* Of course, they don't mean: what is going to happen to us individually. They mean: what is going to happen to the particular branches of learning which we profess, and how are we to go on honourably professing them, if we are at the same time to meet the demands which our students are currently, and in some cases violently, pressing upon us?

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To me at least this is a somewhat dismaying approach to the subject which the conference had under discussion. The humanities, which here may be taken roughly to mean the study of men's creative activities from the most distant to the most immediate past, have been of such immense delight and benefit to mankind that it seems almost insulting to suppose that their future development should be at the mercy of what one, perhaps transient and ephemeral, generation of students thinks of them. Or rather, not of what they think of the humanities, for of these they are very largely ignorant, even when they are their chosen subject of study. What matters to the students is what they think of themselves, of their position in society and of their demands upon it and their rejection of it because their demands are not satisfied. The humanities have a claim on their respect, sympathy and understanding only in so far as they minister to their psychological or sociological needs. In the phrase which recurs throughout this volume like a lugubrious refrain, it is by their "relevance," or lack of it, to the situations of the students that the humanities are to be approved or condemned.

What "relevance" in this context means is not easy to define. Very often, in this volume, it seems to mean no more than the capacity to induce what the students, and their teachers, hold to be the correct moral and political stance towards such questions as the Viet Nam war, Black Power, and "pig fascism," that is to say, the cops. And perhaps in students who, as some of these papers sadly confess, enter the university without even the most elementary grounding in the subjects they propose to study, so primitive an attitude should not surprise us. What is surprising, and disturbing, is the extent to which their teachers, or at least those of them who are represented here, accept that attitude as their own; accept it indeed as a justified reproof to their own failure to recognise the superior intuition of their students, and as a guide by which they should reform their own activities as teachers and scholars.

IN ESSAY AFTER ESSAY in this volume, the question of "relevance" becomes the central issue for discussion, in most cases on the assumption that the academic tradition of teaching, learning and scholarship is in the wrong and that the students as at this moment are in the right. From the assembled teachers of the humanities, there is an almost unanimous cry of: *Mea culpa!* They had thought that the study of the humanities was of value because it enabled the student to arrive at some understanding of the literature and art of the past; of what further value it might be was not strictly their concern. Not at all! The study of the humanities (and from the students' point of view there is no reason why any other branch of study should differ) is of value only if it becomes an integral part of the students' immediate experience of the here and now, is in fact an aspect not of learning but of life. Or, rather, of Life, because it goes without saying that, for students and teachers alike, the kind of experience they demand has nothing to do with life as lived by those millions of men and women who do not enjoy their educational and social privileges and are hopelessly, irredeemably, engulfed in that society against which both ostensibly protest.

"RELEVANCE" indeed seems to imply that the study of the humanities should be transformed into a mental and physical hygiene which will, in some way or other, initiate the student into the deepest and darkest mysteries of life. One suggestion, repeated in several papers, for achieving this end is that it would be a good, even an essential thing, if the humanities could somehow achieve a more intimate relation with *the dance*; not merely with the study of the dance, but with dancing itself, which calls for that fine co-ordination of intellectual and physical faculties which should be the objective of the New Learning. One contributor rather sadly confesses that he could not expect from his freshmen and sophomores those years of grim technical training, of grinding work and application which would make ballet a suitable exercise for them; but, he suggests, there are other, freer, more spontaneous forms of callisthenics, involving no kind of hard work, which could easily and with enormous advantage be appropriated into the curriculum.

For myself, I must confess that I find such suggestions, solemnly debated by a conference of university teachers, quite irresistibly comic. They call to mind images of, say, Professor Quine lumbering about the campus as he expounds mathematical logic by gesture and mime, or Professor Chomsky applying dance to demonstrating the relationship between linguistics and the war in Viet Nam. But this is by no means the most absurd of the various forms of therapy to which the humanists of the American Academy have dedicated themselves. For these one should look to the contribution of Herbert Blau, Provost and Dean of the School of Theatre and Dance at the California Institute of the Arts. Professor James S. Ackerman, of Harvard, in his introduction to this volume, pays Mr. Blau's paper the compliment of calling it "apocalyptic"; the compliment is well judged if the right tone for the discussion of academic problems is that favoured by the major prophets.

Mr. Blau's paper is a kind of breakneck steeplechase course in European culture (I am

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somewhat mystified that Asia does not come in, except in the form of Zen archery). In a brief but exhausting twenty pages, his frame of reference, starting with Pantagruel as the example of "the lust for totally expanded consciousness," includes Plato, Sartre, Martin Buber, Hermann Hesse, Tolstoy, Marcuse, Beckett, Genet, Rilke, Weiss, Eliot, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Yeats, Céline, Goethe, Camus, Blake, Dürrenmatt, Joyce, Rousseau, Lévi-Strauss, Auden, Freud, and a few others whom I am far too dazed to remember. All these provide grist to Mr. Blau's mill; unfortunately it does not grind very small but seems rather designed to throw off large, indigestible gobbets of chiliastic truths, as if rocks had somehow got into the machine.

One of Mr. Blau's throwaway lines particularly fascinates me. Speaking of himself and his humanist colleagues, he says: "With nearly incredible technique, we scanned the uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor." Now I should like to ask, and not merely in a spirit of vulgar curiosity, on what bestial floors Mr. Blau has scanned what uncontrollable mysteries? Not, surely, at the California Institute of the Arts, or even at New York City's Lincoln Centre, of which Mr. Blau was once Co-Director. The question is not really an improper one, because, according to Mr. Blau, our imperative modern need is for *authenticity* (his italics), that is to say for the direct expression of immediate experience, without any of the obfuscations and ambiguities, the blurring and blunting of the fine sharp edge of life, which is the besetting sin of the traditionally academic attitude to the dark mysteries of life and art.

Mr. Blau himself seems slightly unsure on this issue. Once, it appears, ten years ago, he went to Europe, and this he felt, on grounds of experience, gave him a position of authority from which to talk to his students. But today, he feels, this tiny little pulpit from which he could preach has been destroyed as far as his students are concerned (though he does not hesitate to preach to others).

> Literally, increasingly, they have more *experience*. Every day now I encounter students who have seen more of the world than I have seen. Some of them have hitched across the country in the wake of Ginsberg and Kerouac, and others have made their way up and down the coasts of Africa. They have wept beside the Ganges and spent the winter in Khatmandu.

Poor Mr. Blau! Since he has not understood that it is not the business of the humanities to provide experience, but knowledge, which is only one of the many possibilities of experience, he very naturally concludes that, since his students have been further afield than he has, perhaps actually participated in uncontrollable mysteries on bestial floors, he no longer has anything to teach them and in future can aspire only to learn from them. And this actually is his conclusion, which I can perhaps best express, since I cannot hope to reproduce the subtler overtones of his style, by four quotations from his paper:

> What we are all asking for is to reduce the distance between our classes and life, even if it means abandoning our classes. . . .
>
> They [the young] must be convinced at blood level, or they will not be convinced at all. To them, a conviction is a demonstration. If we are growing tired of blood consciousness, then we'd better change our reading lists. . . .
>
> The greatest blessing of our educational system is the refusal of our students to be cloistered, in systems, departments, requirements, or a ratiocinative meditativeness that can destroy. For the time being we have to be where they are, or we are, for the sake of the future, nowhere at all.
>
> Coherence is a continuum of succeeding vacancies into which rushes at every instant the outside possibility of a causeless being, revised, travestied, and birthed by recapitulations of a future hopelessly out of reach.

It is of course dismaying that *Daedalus* should print this kind of rubbish apparently in all seriousness. It is even more dismaying that Mr. Blau's paper merely expresses in an extreme form an attitude of deference amounting to servility on the part of the teacher to the taught, which is to be found in varying degrees in almost all the contributions to this volume. And this, one feels, confers a seriousness on Mr. Blau's views which they would otherwise wholly lack. For if they really reflect the kind of mind which the student may expect to encounter when he enters the university, who can wonder that he should react to it with contempt. The students, it would seem, have been right all along; the professor really is a fink.

The Future of the Humanities convinces me that someone should seriously study the phenomenon of student revolt in the light, not of what students think, feel, say or do, but of the kind of intellectual nourishment which they are offered by their teachers. Because if this is really the best the American Academy can do, one must conclude that the "confrontation" with which so much of the volume is concerned is in fact no more than a sham battle. On this showing, the students have only hollow men to contend with; even more, like General Mola before Madrid, they have a fifth column securely entrenched in the enemy capital. The students have no need to take the fortress of learning by assault; if Mr. Blau is anything to go by, its walls are ready to crumble at the first blast of the trumpet.

R

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The Solitary Revolutionary

Proudhon's Notebooks — By GEORGE WOODCOCK

"WHENCE COMES to me this passion for justice, which dominates and provokes and enrages me? I have no means of telling. It is my God, my religion, my all; and if I attempt to justify it by philosophic reasoning, I do not succeed."

Thus Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, self-styled *homme terreur* of the 1848 Revolution, wrote in his notebook three years earlier. Justice, in Proudhon's mind, was indeed the immanent deity according to whose mysterious dictates the life of man should be shaped. In his greatest work, *De la Justice dans la Révolution et dans l'Eglise*, completed in 1858, he made this concept the corner-stone of a vast and bizarre cathedral of libertarian theory and autodidactic learning which he erected in opposition to the edifices of conventional authority represented by the Second Empire and the Catholic Church. The desire to express and realise the principle of justice in concrete, human terms of social and economic relationships as opposed to the abstract, mechanical terms of political relationships, dominated his life as a revolutionary philosopher. Proudhon was convinced that at one and the same time he was the voice in the wilderness and "*la voix du peuple qui sent, qui veut, qui parle et qui fait.*"

Persecuted, imprisoned, exiled and impoverished, detested in his time by the traditional Left as much as by the official Right, Proudhon in the end presented such an example of integrity in the general political breakdown of French politics after the failure of 1848, that from his very isolation sprang a vast posthumous legacy. The Anarchists and the Communards, the Spanish Federalists, Russian *Narodniks*, and French Syndicalists, all claimed him as an ancestor. Tolstoy and Herzen, Kropotkin and Bakunin and Sorel, willingly acknowledged his influence. For less convincing reasons the French royalists, led by Charles Maurras, claimed him as their own, while he has had a curious fascination for Jesuit theologians. To complete the complexity of his heritage, an American scholar, J. Salwyn Schapiro, advanced some twenty odd years ago the theory that Proudhon was—all unwittingly—a harbinger of Fascism.

Proudhon gloried in the shocking paradox and the extreme statement, and, like Walt Whitman, prided himself on his contradictions. He saw his thought as a product of constant evolution, felt no need to be consistent with himself over any long period, refused to establish or to accept the discipline of a party, and stressed the anti-systematic nature of his thought. "My system? I have no system," Herzen records him as saying to an inquisitive Englishman; and anyone who tackles the mass of his polemical writings on subjects as varied as free credit, federalism, and feminism, Courbet and copyright, war and peace and progress, taxation and theology (not to mention *The Stock Exchange Speculator's Manual* and *On the Observance of Sunday*), will discover a polemical prose which Baudelaire and Flaubert justly admired and will encounter a resilient mind crammed with facts and notions, but may not in the end be aware of a consistent doctrine even as dully cut as that of Marx.

One reason is that Proudhon detested abstractions and absolutes; he strove consistently to see principles realised in concrete and existential forms, and he knew from observing his rivals on the Left how far rigid political dogmas had taken them from the social realities of mid-19th-century France. For this reason alone it is necessary to suspect all the system-makers who have claimed Proudhon. True, he called himself an Anarchist, and the label fitted, but there was much that he did not share with either of the founders of organised Anarchism: Bakunin and Kropotkin. He contributed undoubtedly to both Syndicalism and Federalism. One can even grant to Dr. Schapiro that the Fascists borrowed

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from him, mainly indirectly, a few notions and phrases, just as they borrowed a few techniques from Lenin. But to define so extraordinary an individualist as Proudhon merely in terms of movements that arose after his death is as misleading as recent attempts to re-define his nearest English equivalent, William Cobbett, in terms familiar to late-twentieth-century students of politics.

IT IS MORE PROFITABLE with men of Proudhon's genre to recognise the inevitability of the biographical: to view them first as personalities reacting with often irritated sensitivity to a series of social and political situations, and thence to proceed to the ideas that emerge. In this way enduring elements are perceived, and a consistent outlook on existence may be observed behind the continual rectification of attitudes on particular issues. Once we cease to fit labels to Proudhon—even the labels he himself created—we begin to see him whole.

IN THIS PROCESS the intimate documents of his life are essential. Proudhon was a copious and excellent correspondent. The fourteen volumes of his letters not only contain some of his best writing, but also reveal a gentler side of his nature than the polemical works. In reading them one realises why he made so many public enemies, so many private friends. The separate *Lettres de Proudhon à sa Femme* (edited by his grand-daughter Suzanne Henneguy and published as late as 1950) provide an extraordinary insight into his patriarchal family life and his relationship with the uneducated seamstress, Euphrasie Piégard, to whom he proposed without introduction one afternoon in 1847 on a street in the Quartier Latin, and to whom he remained devoted all his life. Still incompletely available to the public are the *Carnets*,[1] the manuscript volumes of notebooks which now, at last, are deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

I first saw the *Carnets* in 1951, when I was beginning to gather material for my book *Pierre-Joseph Proudhon* (1956). During the decade after Proudhon's death, the publisher Lacroix was proposing to present them in an eight-volume edition, but he lost so much on the fourteen volumes of the *Correspondence* (published in 1874–75 when the memory of the Commune still clouded Proudhon's reputation among the middle class) that he abandoned the project. Except for a few extracts inaccurately reproduced in *La Grande Revue* in 1908, nothing more was heard of the Notebooks until 1944, when Daniel Halévy published in *Hier et Demain* a long article, "Proudhon d'après ses Carnets inédits, 1834–47," which included brief extracts. In 1948, in a life written for Gallimard's series, "Leurs figures," Edouard Dolléans was the first French biographer of Proudhon to make a somewhat limited use of the *Carnets*.

Neither Halévy nor Dolléans gave any clues as to the whereabouts of the *Carnets*, and I found nothing definite until I reached Paris, where Giliane Berneri, daughter of the Italian anarchist Camillo Berneri, introduced me to Alexandre Marc, the European Federalist who had edited a selection of Proudhon's works in 1945. Marc in turn introduced me to the Abbé Pierre Haubtmann, who was studying the relationships between Proudhon and Marx, and from him I discovered that the *Carnets* were in the possession of Mlle Henneguy, who lived in Paris a few streets away from the Rue Serpente, where my wife and I were staying. A few days later Mlle Henneguy sent a note to our hotel, and we walked over the Boulevard St. Michel to the small street off the Rue des Ecoles where she lived, and climbed the stairs, smelling of polish and Gauloises, to her apartment on the second floor.

A small round pigeon of a woman opened the door and hurled shrill French at us like a *mitrailleuse*. She was Suzanne Henneguy, the daughter of Proudhon's eldest child Catherine; she was delighted that I had come all the way from the Canadian coasts of the Pacific to write about her grandfather. For the next fortnight, during which my wife and I spent every afternoon in his apartment, she and her sister, who had married into the family of Gabriel Fauré, treated us with the kind of Franc-Comtois hospitality for which Proudhon's household, even in his times of poverty, was celebrated among his friends (and still, occasionally, we commemorate that time by making a magnificent pudding, filled with rum-soaked *crème de marron*, whose recipe had been handed down from his wife Euphrasie).

Each day, entering the parlour where we worked, we stepped back atmospherically into the age between 1848 and the Commune, to which Proudhon belonged. He had never inhabited this room, though as a young man he had lived in the quarter; but the things among which he had moved were there, and even the things that had not belonged to him recalled the age in all its physical stuffiness and discom-

[1] Two volumes of an edition of Proudhon's *Carnets*, up to the beginning of the 1848 revolution, were published in 1960 by Marcel Rivière in Paris, under the editorship of Abbé Haubtmann.

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fort. Voluminous dark red curtains, faded and betasselled with tarnished braid, hung over every doorway and obscured the windows. Armoires, sideboards, a desk, of Second Empire grandiosity, crowded together like the paradoxes in Proudhon's prose, and supported a small museum of bronze stags in combat and marble nymphs and fauns. There were objects that flashed into recognition: here, the square inkwell that stands on the garden steps in Courbet's painting which hangs in the Petit Palais of Proudhon and his daughters, there the steel spectacles with tiny lenses just covering the eyes that appear in all the caricatures from 1848 onwards. Mlle Henneguy switched on a light over a picture we had not before noticed. It was the original of Courbet's best portrait of his friend and political mentor. Out of a dense, dark background, Proudhon's face shone with a lambent brilliance, the great brow of which his contemporaries always talked soaring over the intense eyes, over the square, dogged Comtois face and the shaggy beard.

Every day thereafter the portrait acted as a kind of icon, for it was on a table beneath it that Mlle Henneguy laid out the eleven worn black notebooks we had come to see, and all the time we read and noted, Proudhon's face glowed rather truculently upon us.

THE CARNETS extended from 23 July 1843 to an undated entry of a third of a page at the beginning of 1864, a few weeks before Proudhon's death. The first volume, which spread over two years, was a mere 100 pages long; the last, which covered the ten years from 1854 to Proudhon's death, was the largest, with 592 pages. An earlier notebook, which Proudhon had kept in 1832, when he was a printer at Arbois in the Franche-Comté, has not been preserved.

The *Carnets* were written in a crabbed, crowded handwriting. The early entries in pencil had faded in a century to the ghosts of messages, and the passages in ink were often so minutely written as to be unreadable without a magnifying glass. The damp of prison cells, particularly in the Conciérgerie, where Proudhon spent periods in 1849 and 1850, had almost ruined some of the pages. At other places Proudhon had written in haste or anger; the words sprawled towards obscurity. This happened in 1845 when he suspected Heinrich Heine of being a *mouchard* and of having engineered the expulsion from France of the German socialist Karl Grün. When he noted his own arrest on 5 June 1849, for having published a libel on Louis Napoléon, then President of the Second Republic, his hand was so unsteady that one cannot even guess the name of the man he suspected of having given away his hiding place to the police.

The *Carnets* begin, in 1843, as little more than commonplace books in which Proudhon notes addresses and names, makes calculations regarding the river transport business at Lyons in which he was then employed, and sketches out the basic ideas of such early books as *Economic Contradictions*. Gradually, by 1845, the personal threads that make a true diary take their place among the notes of works to come, and until about 1853 the *Carnets* contain much biographical raw material and some very personal observations on political life. From 1853, after Proudhon had been released from prison and had left the revolutionary Bohemia of his youth for a patriarchal and financially anxious married life, the diary recedes, the *Carnets* once again become notebooks of projects and ideas, and gradually even these thin out until they are worn down to little more than domestic account books.

This diminution of the *Carnets*, Daniel Halévy suggested, corresponds to the exhaustion of a spirit beaten down by excessive work carried on in the midst of the anxieties of constant poverty." This is only partly true. Halévy, a rich man, had a romantic inclination to exaggerate the effects of other people's poverty. The last years of Proudhon's life were in fact extraordinarily productive, both in completed books (he published eight volumes in the three years from 1861–3) and in major unfinished works, like *De la Capacité Politique des Classes Ouvrières* and *Du Principe de l'Art et sa Destination Sociale*, to which his friends and fellow Comtois, Courbet and Gustave Chaudey, put the finishing touches after his death. The drying up of his *Carnets* represented not exhaustion, but a changing technique, a tendency to write his polemical works without preliminary notes. At the same time, during the exile in Brussels from 1858 to 1862, he had acquired the habit of recording personal events and the quality of his daily life in letters to his friends which at this period were numerous, long and lively, giving no sense at all of "exhaustion of spirit."

SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING portions of the Carnets are those in which Proudhon reveals the core beliefs around which his changing ideas circulate and take shape. They appear occasionally in catechismal question-and-answer forms, and often in criticism of the ideas of other men. For example, he works out his conception of God in a series of entries disputing the "humanitarianism" of Feuerbach, written in 1845 when, in the company of Marx, Bakunin and Karl Grün, all then expatriates in Paris, he was discovering German philosophy and going

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through his brief inoculation with Hegelianism (as mandatory in the 1840s as McLuhanism appears to be today, and a great deal more productive).

At times Proudhon becomes the populist art theoretician. He prided himself—justly—on being a prose stylist, and, as the long essay on Courbet which he was writing at the time of his death demonstrates, he had strong ideas on the social relevance of art. Anything that detached art from life, from the actual struggle that was the glory of existence, he disliked; Offenbach he loathed as a symbol of all that was corrupt and artificial in the Second Empire. At the same time, though he was a "social realist" of a kind, he did not conceive art as propaganda. As many extracts from his *Carnets* show, he thought that to survive, art must be public and accessible to the non-artist; basically, his attitude was much like that of George Orwell in our own day.

Towards people as individuals Proudhon reacted decisively. His likes and dislikes were strong, and it was the dislikes that he expressed most eloquently. His *Carnets*, like his letters, are studded with brief, pungent sketches of the people he met in his life as a revolutionary in the years around 1848; the great actress Rachel, whom he detested because she stirred emotions which he feared; George Sand and the Comtesse d'Agoult, admirers who provoked in him the distrust he felt for all bluestockings; his rivals among the socialists—Cabet, Leroux, Marx—and the ambiguous figures who floated on the surface of French society in the reigns of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon.

THE RELATIONSHIP of the sexes always troubled Proudhon, and many passages in the *Carnets* relate to women and love and marriage. Proudhon's attitude to women has often been described as reactionary. He believed that they had no place in public life, but lived as moons to their spouses; essentially neutral, they received their morality from men.

> Chastity has its principle in man; it belongs only to him and comes from him alone. Woman

God and man, neither is more than the other; they are two incomplete realities, which have no fullness of existence.

God is necessary to reason but rejected by reason.

Money is the only God that makes no hypocrites. One never sees men pretending to love of money as others pretend to love of God or of their neighbour; they pretend rather not to love it, which is a subtle way of proving their love.

Work creates out of nothing, like God.

The new socialist movement will begin with the war of the workshop.

The true school is the workshop.

The social revolution is seriously compromised if it comes through a political revolution.

Man, according to the Scriptures, lives not by bread alone, but by knowledge. In the matter of love I say: man lives not by meat alone, but by love.

No hatred, no hatred. Eliminate by principle.

All discussion is in vain without anger.

I can be neither spiritualist, nor materialist, nor atheist, nor humanist, and when I have driven away all these mysticisms, I find myself at grips with an even greater mysticism, justice, which is the mystery of mysteries.

I am told not to be troubled by the depth of the heavens. But this question does trouble me, and even more when I discover that in this question lies that of knowing whether there is a God or not.

Ever since I came into the world I have felt myself dying.

*

What is religion? It is a dream.

What is philosophy? An hallucination.

What is property? It is theft.

What is communism? It is death.

What is royalty? A myth.

What is democracy? Chaos.

What is criminal justice? A snare.

What is God? An abstraction.

What is the immortality of the soul? It is despair. Resignation is the virtue of dupes.

What is Necessity? It is the Law. Summa lex, summa necessitas.

What is chastity? The highest expression of love.

What is marriage? The fullness of the human personality.

What is Association? The systematisation of industrial forces according to the relationship of functions and products. It is at once the most necessary and the most difficult thing of all.

What is justice? The objective calculation of the relations between workers.

What is man? No more than nature, arrived at self-consciousness.

(CARNETS: *c. August 1843*)

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> allows the law of chastity to be imposed upon her, accepts it, submits unreflectingly to it with a kind of indifference, with the same docility with which she gives herself up to sensuality, capable of passing from one to the other, and of being in turn Venus and the Virgin Mary. Basically, and in general, woman is neither chaste nor immodest. She is what her husband would like her to be.

Women belong therefore in the home, where their functions are supreme. Proudhon did not suggest that they are actually inferior; their capacities are merely different from those of men, and, properly understood, complement his. He reacted vehemently against the feminism of the followers of Fourier, which he felt was connected with the strain of libertinism he found in their doctrines. "The Phalansterians elevate sensuality to the heavens," he once noted. "Enjoyment, for them, is all of man. *You are disgusting!* is my last word." But, conservative though such a viewpoint may appear, it cannot —as Schapiro attempted to do in his denunciation of Proudhon[2]—be taken as evidence of incipient fascism; it reflected pretty faithfully the attitude of French working men in Proudhon's time, as did many of the points on which he differed from the doctrinaire socialists, and it was sustained by his working-class followers in the First International, who combined an opposition to feminism with an anti-bourgeois animus which made them seek to keep all but manual workers out of the IWMA.

Proudhon's attitude towards love showed a curious mixture of the exalted and the utilitarian. Reflecting on his youth at the age of 28, he noted:

> I know today what at twenty made my spirit so full, so loving, so enraptured; what made women seem to me so angelic, so divine; what in my dreams of love (wherein faith in God, in the immortal soul, in religious practice, mingled and combined with faith in infinite love) made my religion so precious to me.... I was Christian because I was in love, in love because I was Christian—I mean religious.

Passing through a phase in which he doused his sensuality with "refrigerants," he weighed carefully the justifications for marriage:

> Would you be completely free in reason, in imagination, in industry? Then do not marry. Would you be free and a lover, both at the same time? The best thing is to marry. The question is to know whether you want to or can do without love.

Having made his decision, he began his eccentric courtship of Euphrasie Piégard, under an assumed name and for two years in secrecy from even his closest friends. Even his *Carnets* were almost silent about it. A few brief notations (*e.g.*, "Euphrasie P. does not reply to me. What is happening?" in December 1847) are all we have until his marriage on 31 December 1849, while in Sainte Pélagie Prison. According to the civilised treatment of political prisoners in mid-19th-century France, he was allowed a day out every week to attend to such matters of private business. "I have only one regret, and that is not to have made this marriage four years ago," was all he said then; and a little later, in February 1850, he noted: "In all, during six weeks of marriage, I have slept three times with my wife, a fact I am far from lamenting. It is not good, in my view, always to be together." Later in the same month he added, "I am captive but I am very happy." And that was almost all he had to say in the *Carnets* about his marriage, or, indeed, from that time on, about women in general. His doubts and curiosities were satisfied, and a union that began so oddly appears to have been extraordinarily successful.

PERHAPS the most important passages of the *Carnets* are those which reinforce the evidence of Proudhon's life and of his most important writings that Marx's definition of him as a petit-bourgeois was nonsense, and that suggestions—like those of Professor Schapiro—that he was a harbinger of bourgeois revolutionism (or of Fascism) and sustained a "hostility to labour" come from an extraordinary misreading of the facts. These characterisations of Proudhon can only be perpetrated by ignoring deliberately his last important work, *De la Capacité Politique des Classes Ouvrières*, which is a complete rejection of the bourgeoisie as a revolutionary force in our time, and by closing one's eyes to the fact that it was his personal disciples who founded the International in France, according to his doctrines, an achievement he lived just long enough to welcome on his death-bed.

During the early years of the *Carnets*, Proudhon was living mostly in Lyons, where he associated with the Mutualists, a group of working-class socialists, mainly silk weavers, who refused to follow the lead of any of the middle-class socialist theoreticians of the time, but evolved their own ideas on producers' association. Proudhon and Flora Tristan were both much taken with the idea, and Proudhon welded on to it his own theories of free credit

[2] "Pierre Joseph Proudhon, Harbinger of Fascism," *American Historical Review*, July 1945.

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and the People's Bank as a means of exchange among producers. The idea of the Association as an international movement in the 1840s was really the precursor of that of the International in the 1860s, and in this way Proudhon's goals were throughout his career in the mainstream of working-class (as distinct from bourgeois socialist) thought in the mid-19th century. In the spring of 1843 he had fantastic hopes for the Association; it was one of those crystal-clear ideas whose fulfilment seems so inevitable when one is twenty-five. He saw it as a great voluntary movement of the workers, perfectly organised, peacefully pushing out the exploiters, throwing up its own managers (Proudhon, of course, among them!) and recruiting all the scattered socialist groups of the time under one banner.

> Appeal to the Phalansterians, who will all come [he noted]. Communists will come also. We are 100,000.... By 1860, the globe will be over-run by the Association.

The thesis of *De la Capacité Politique*—that the working class must stand on its own efforts to achieve social transformation, and has the power to do so—is stated already twenty years earlier in the *Carnets*:

> The proletariat is a new force which should rely only on itself. Whatever I have said about capital and power applies to the bourgeoisie, to

On Seeing Rossini's "William Tell"

...In listening to that music it seemed to me more than ever that no work of art in our times will stand as a whole; it all needs re-working. What we see are not spectacles, but mutilated fragments of spectacles.

Tragedy, comedy and music have independently reached a high point of perfection, but as they have not reached it simultaneously, the performance cannot attain completeness. Modern composers need new libretti, and they do not find the poets to write them....

The theatrical spectacle can exist only as a collective product; for that everything in society must be remodelled: the education of the masses, the security of labour, and the more equal sharing of its products. A dancer is forced to supplement her wages by trafficking in her charms. Operatic chorus girls are in the same position as seamstresses....

The more I reflect on what is needed for the renewal of art and of society, the more convinced I am that a revolutionary movement is indispensable. For, since ideas move more quickly than action, the people, once they are educated, will be in no mood to wait. We must therefore push on the downfall of the dynasty.... (*23 August 1843*)

On the Proper Place of a Modern Art

Artists in the past had only to follow a world of ready-made ideas; but today, when the old faith has disappeared, the artist must substitute, for that which no one any longer believes in, a philosophy drawn from his own resources, and that seems difficult to men who reason so little.

Public places, theatres, academies, classrooms, gymnasia, concert halls, and dance halls, cafés, town halls, libraries, etc., it is these which art should adorn and embellish without counting on domestic patronage....

A museum is not the destination for works of art; it is simply a place of study and passage, a collection of antiques, of things which, owing to circumstances, can be placed nowhere else. They are the pensioners among beautiful things which a progressive civilisation puts out of use. (*1845*)

On seeing Rachel in "Phèdre"

From beginning to end of the tragedy she seemed like an old tart in love with a handsome boy, and in the grip of an attack of hysteria.... When Rachel moves one, it is by grating on one's nerves, not by touching one's feelings. (*1843*)

On Etienne Cabet

I distrust Cabet: he is religious, proprietory, dictatorial, intolerant, arrogant, intriguing. Watch out! (*1845*)

On Karl Marx

Marx is the tapeworm of socialism. (*1846*)

On being called to visit Louis Napoleon

Visit to Louis Bonaparte. This man appears well-intentioned, chivalrous head and heart; more filled with the glory of his uncle than with a strong ambition. At the same time, a mediocre intellect.... For the rest, be on your guard. It is the custom of every pretender to seek out first of all the heads of the parties. (*26 September 1848*)

On being visited in prison by George Sand

A long, cold, tired face; a woman of great good sense, simple good heart and little passion, her speech curt, clear, positive and simple. G. Sand has burnt the candle at both ends, rather, I believe, from fancy than from sensuality or passion....She is too mannish, too poised, too sedate....Nothing in her, nothing, nothing of the feminine! (*February 1852*)

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any kind of aristocracy, and for this reason, not only is no government and no authority compatible with the principle of mutuality, but no authority can aid in the work of reform. For all authority is opposed to equality and justice; hence it would be a contradiction for us to come to terms with the partisans of royalty or the representatives of parliamentary rule, or for that matter of property or Communism.

From this first moment we must live to ourselves and to ourselves alone.

And, a little later, this:

Today it is to the workshop that the genius of humanity is directed. It is there we shall find the heroes of the new republic; it is there—awaiting the hour of deliverance—that suffer the noble hearts and great characters of the century to come.

During the events of 1848 Proudhon remained an independent revolutionary attached to no party, since he could not see any with a constructive programme. "The mess is going to be inextricable.... They have made a revolution without ideas," he noted on 23 February. On the next day, after taking part in the assault on the Tuileries, he added, "They have nothing in their heads." Most of the revolutionaries of that time in fact had their heads stuffed with the notions of 1793, and the consequences which Proudhon dimly foresaw followed—the brief and bloody civil war between the workers and the bourgeois revolutionaries in June 1848, and the election of Louis Napoleon by popular suffrage in 1849, followed by his *coup d'état* on 2 December 1852. In his paper, *Le Représentant du Peuple*, Proudhon was one of the few writers courageous enough, at that time of kangaroo courts and proscriptions, to defend the June rebels. On 23 June he noted in the *Carnets*:

The terror reigns in the capital, not a Terror like that of '93, but the terror of the civil and social war.... What is beginning here is what has always been seen: each new idea has its baptism; the first to propagate it—misunderstood and impatient—get themselves killed for too much philosophic independence.

And, on the 28th: "The ill will of the Assembly was the cause of the insurrection." These notes lead up to the famous debate in the Assembly on 31 July, in which Proudhon demanded the "liquidation of the old society," and declared that if the propertied classes did not agree "we ourselves shall proceed to the liquidation without you." Asked whom he meant by *you*, Proudhon answered: "When I used those two pronouns, *you* and *we*, it is evident that I was identifying *myself* with the proletariat and *you* with the bourgeois class." So much for the argument that Proudhon was hostile to labour and preached the "bourgeois revolution"!

Now we come to the light which the *Carnets* throw on the most controversial of Proudhon's books, *La Révolution sociale démontrée par le Coup d'Etat du 2 Décembre*. In this book Proudhon argued that, whether he willed it or not, history had put Louis Napoleon in the position where he could bring about a revolutionary transformation in society; he called on him to accept the challenge. Proudhon's critics have taken this to mean that he approved of the *coup d'état*. His diary for the vital day, 2nd December 1851, and for the subsequent days, shows his complex feelings at this time.

2nd December. I . . . walked through the capital and observed the population. Faces were sad, and all minds were overwhelmed. The fact is that, while not counting in any way on the good faith or prudence of the President, nobody expected that he would risk such a crime.

3rd December. Never has such an assault been committed on the good faith of a nation.... The insult is too sharp; the nation is lost if it gives in.

4th December. I rise at 5.30 in the morning; I have had a feverish and inflammatory sleep, with intolerable beating of the arteries.... If I were free, I would bury myself under the ruins of the Republic with her faithful citizens, or else I would go to live far from a land unworthy of liberty.

5th December. How right I was, in 1843, to cry out against that absurdity of universal suffrage. No, the masses are not and will not for a long time be capable of a good action for themselves.

10th December. Through the defection of the working class, France has lost the battle.

14th December. She [Mme Suchet] confirms the news of the shooting of citizens taken at the barricades.... Thus, he is not content to defend himself; he has not even recoiled before massacre, before crime. France is under oppression. The insolence of the conquerors knows no bounds; indignation is growing.

15th December. A sign of Parisian stupidity. Most people go about repeating, with B's newspapers, that without the *coup d'état*, we should have had the revolution, that is to say, pillage, arson, murder, robbery. And they have under their eyes the atrocities, the nameless atrocities, of the army!

From these extracts it is clear that Proudhon was appalled by the actions of Napoleon. At the time, he felt the people were to blame because they had voted Napoleon into office. This was the only time when, for a few months, he was disillusioned with the workers of France. By the following October he had recovered his faith enough to note: "We affirm the possibility of educating the people." But he remained suspicious of universal suffrage, not because he was anti-democratic, but because he felt—like the archists after him—that the vote was an

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abdication of responsibility and an invitation to tyrants; other ways must be found to express the popular will. With the change from a political to a social and economic organisation of society, he believed this could be done and that it would result in an increase of freedom.

THE EFFECT OF Proudhon's temporary disillusionment with the people was that it led him to gamble desperately on the old illusion that a benevolent despot might carry out what the revolutionaries had failed to do. The Digger Winstanley appealed in the same way to Cromwell; and Bakunin for a while placed his faith in the autocratic Count Muraviev. Proudhon's reason was clear, stated in a note in the *Carnets* for October 1852. "The revolution always advances, making use of each individual, of each interest, of each tongue." Like Tolstoy, he saw famous men as the prisoners of history. He believed that Napoleon could be made to serve his—Proudhon's—ideals; he had no intention of serving Napoleon's purposes; and when he realised, in September 1852, that "L.N. goes to the bourgeoisie," he immediately rejected him. At worst, he made in *La Révolution sociale* a tactical error, not an abdication of principles. Certainly, the incident shows him in no way as a reactionary.

> A CRITIC *should be the expression of the public, rather than of art itself, because art is made for the public, and it is not for art to judge itself. No doubt it is useful to know the opinion of artists, and to listen to their reasons, but it is for the public to weigh them and pronounce on them. If an artist wishes to give an account of the effect he aimed at providing, of the means he has employed, all well and good. But it is for me, the public, for me alone to see whether he has succeeded. I have no need to know what he should have done; I limit myself to saying that he has not succeeded. I do not know how you would draw a statue out of this block: but I shall certainly see whether it is a statue, and I shall see moreover whether it is beautiful.*
>
> *I would like literary criticism to be done by mathematicians, jurists, scholars; art criticism by philosophers and business men; criticism of the theatre, music, dance, mime and elocution by historians and philologists.*
>
> *Criticism carried out by people in the same field is mere babbling, an unintelligible jargon which all the ninnies and chatterers hasten to ape in order to give themselves airs.*
>
> *
>
> HOW IS IT *that such a simple thing has never been understood?* LABOUR IS MONEY. *And if labour is money,* CAPITAL *exists; what more does one ask? If capital is no more than an* expression, *a* realisation, *of work, it is a* perishable *expression and realisation, since it is fatally destined to be* consumed *(to perish); labour itself is immaterial, imperishable, unconsumable, immortal, always living and always creative, always tending* sponte sua, *by its own virtue and without external help, towards realisation; one need only leave it* FREE *to bring about its release, its exteriorisation.*
>
> *Thus whoever has labour has capital; the first and only source of funds; he has money, wealth, security, guarantee, he has power, not shut up in a coffer and easily spent, but lodged in the heart and brain of Humanity, which are inexhaustible treasures.*
>
> (CARNETS, *1845*)

The gravest thing the *Carnets* reveal to 20th-century eyes is a strain of anti-Jewish feeling in Proudhon during the 1840s. Today, with Auschwitz in our memories, we give more importance to this than to prejudice against other communities; dislike of the Jew is, even more than dislike of the Negro, the hallmark of the reactionary. It is impossible for us not to be troubled and angry when we read anything that suggests racial prejudice.

Yet one must differentiate historically between the anti-Semitism of the Nazis and the Black Hundreds, the single-minded obsession that resulted in the worst holocaust of a bloody century, and the anti-Jewish feelings that were endemic in early and in mid-19th-century radical movements, which infected Cobbett as much as Proudhon, which touched even Marx (as Camillo Berneri showed during the 1930s in *Le Juif Anti-Sémite*), which shifted to the Right in France during the Dreyfus Affair, but which even after that time cropped up in American Populism and which have lived on among Russian Bolsheviks to this day. The myth of Jewish financial supremacy was then widely believed among socialists, and the ubiquity of the Rothschilds as statesmen-financiers gave an appearance of authenticity to the idea.

It is clear from Proudhon's *Carnets* that it is to the exclusiveness of the Jews as a special community, as a kind of religious caste within European society that he objects, as Marx the liberated Jew objected, and as Russian officials still object. In 1847 he notes:

> When Crémieux speaks at the tribune, on any question where Christianity is engaged, directly or indirectly, he is careful to say: YOUR faith, which is not mine; your God, your Christ, your Gospel, your brothers in Lebanon.

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> This is what all the Jews do; they are in agreement with us on all points, in so far as they can draw advantage from it, but they are always careful to exclude themselves. They keep themselves apart!

Elsewhere he asked for the "fusion" of the Jews into the French community. Clearly his idea was assimilation, the breaking down of the social enclave in which the orthodox Jew chooses to live. This was not merely an idea relatively frequently held by socialists at the time, but also a projection of the intense patriotism which Proudhon—like Cobbett—cultivated at the same time as his radicalism. Just as Cobbett felt uncomfortable with all but true-blue southern English countrymen, so Proudhon felt uncomfortable with all but solid French peasants and artisans. All the world else—except for a few Russian *narodnik* noblemen—he despised or hated. And, just as Cobbett's anti-Jewishness deflates when we realise that he hated Anglican clergymen as much as Jews, and Quakers even more, so does Proudhon's when we read in his *Carnets* the phrase: "Hatred of the Jews, *as of the English*, should be an article of our political faith." Nobody, to my knowledge, has become very much concerned over Proudhon's Anglophobia.

Finally, it should be remembered that 1847, the year in which Proudhon's statements against the Jews were most intemperate, was also the year in which he suspected Heine of being a "police spy" and in which Marx attacked him so bitterly in *The Philosophy of Poverty*. A decade later he showed little sign of anti-Jewish prejudice and at his trial in 1858 actually engaged Crémieux as his lawyer.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was a time when men hated wholesale and without disguising the fact, for politics and revolution were held to be passionate occupations, but usually without doing a great deal of harm in the process. We have since seen how Fascism and Nazism took up these hatreds and expanded them into monstrous doctrines of systematic extermination. But this does not mean that every man in the 19th century who expressed a dislike of Jews was a proto-Fascist, any more than every man who proclaims a dislike of Americans today is a crypto-Maoist. Men have to be seen, virtues and faults entire, in the jungle of their own time, not in ours. Only then, paradoxically, do their messages have meaning for us, as Proudhon's criticisms of authoritarian government certainly do today, is an age when the dismantling of the great states and the decentralisation of social and economic life, for which he stood, have become inevitable and will take place destructively if we do not choose to bring them about by rational and peaceful means.

ALL THIS HAS BEEN emphasised in both Europe and the Americas during the quasi-revolutionary events of the past two years and, with a great deal of appropriateness, in those of France especially. In the summer of 1968 the French students and workers put on a creditable re-enactment of the events of 1848, with the difference that de Gaulle was of different mettle from Louis Philippe, the Bourgeois King, and his tactical retreat was merely the prelude to a brief return which would certainly not have astonished Proudhon with his scepticism regarding universal suffrage.

It is not difficult to imagine what Proudhon would have done had he appeared, in his steel spectacles and long greenish *redingote*, as a revenant in those streets of the Quartier Latin that were so long his world. Proudhon was not a physical activist, but he was sufficiently carried away by the emotions of 1848 to help build a barricade and to fell a tree in the February days, and he was present at the sacking of the Tuileries. No doubt in 1968 too he would have been present, marching in a demonstration or two, tearing up his little pile of paving cobbles, but most of all observing and recording with pungent individuality his impressions of the time. No doubt he would have fearlessly protested at police brutalities, as he did in the June days of 1848; he would have detected the emergence of a new force among the embattled students at the same time as he criticised their lack of any real sense of what they meant to do with the revolution when they got it; he would have disliked M. Cohn-Bendit at first meeting and denounced him at second. His closest sympathies would have been with the young workers who defied the Communist union bureaucrats and sought to bring back to French unionism some of the lost anarcho-syndicalist fire and idealism which he and his followers imparted to the French labour movement.

But, most of all, we can imagine him noting, with the self-pride he never lacked, how events in 1968 bore out what he had said more than a hundred years before. The critic of Polish and Italian Nationalism—at a time when the patriots of these nations were the heroes of liberal and revolutionary Europe—would have found plenty to criticise in the resurgent nationalisms of the 1960s; neither Israel nor the Arab States would have escaped his condemnation or have failed to produce a sermon on the virtues of federalism as a solution to the problems of insoluble frontiers. The rising local and racial patriotisms, of Bretons in France and French in Canada, of

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Welsh in Britain and Flemings in Belgium, he would have treated with a characteristic anarchist distinction. He would have encouraged their desire for local autonomy (did he not once claim that his native Franche-Comté might perhaps be better off in federal Switzerland?), but he would have urged upon them the need to seek their ends through decentralised cantonalism rather than by creating new national states to increase the danger of wars and lessen the freedom of communication.

The enemy of the State would have noted, on the one hand, the vast proliferation of governmental powers, especially in his own field of propaganda. (By nature a reclusive warrior of the pen, he would have made a poor show on television, unlike Bakunin who would have been a natural for the video screen.) He would have observed accurately the improvements which a later autocrat, also brought to power by the combination of *coup d'état* and universal suffrage, had made on the techniques of that earlier expert in mass-supported authority, his contemporary Louis Napoleon. But he would have noted, with a sharp but unillusioned eye, the weaknesses which its own centralisation and rigidity had brought to the modern state, as revealed during the May days of 1968.

Undoubtedly some aspects of modern youth movements would have aroused the denunciatory ire of that intensely moral French working man of the 1840s. He would have been disturbed by the sexual revolution, and would have found many contemporary manifestations in the arts as revolting as Offenbach and as disconcerting as Rachel; he would have found bluestockings in mini-skirts as appalling as George Sand in trousers. But in denouncing the cult of affluent living which often makes the 1960s so reminiscent of the last days of the Second Empire, he would have been entirely at one with the young revolutionary ascetics of today.

Indeed, it is more easy to imagine Proudhon, with his flexible and foresightful mind, settling protestingly but not incongruously into the 1960s than any of his more rigid-minded socialist contemporaries. Most of his central ideas, with very little adaptation, can be used as touchstones for the trends and events of our times, and to make statements which enable men a century later to look at their world with more perception is surely the only true prophetic art.

The Looting

This parish has been plundered
The poets have been here
Ransacking, ruining, denuding
Everything worth taking is gone
Sequestered pools polluted
The tallest oaks defrocked
The very skies defiled
Stars destroyed
Vandals filching
Locusts flashing
(That girl on the urn
Has thighs made of stone)
Flesh they turn to foam
And hurl the lovers from a cliff they've made
I've seen them disembowel the sun

Nothing is safe
I woke this morning thinking of someone I
  swore I'd never mention
Just out of public decency
He was already in a poem

Larry Rubin

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FILM

Whatever Happened to Godard?

By John Weightman

LE GAI SAVOIR, which I have just seen at the ICA, is such a silly and pretentious film that one cannot help wondering what Jean-Luc Godard is now up to. The hand-outs say that it was begun as a documentary on education, commissioned by French television, but that it has so far been banned in France. I cannot understand why; the censors must be even more obtuse than one supposes if they fear that such a tedious work might arouse dangerous passions, apart from acute irritation with M. Godard himself. Perhaps, after all, they rejected it simply because it is bad. It is even a *tour de force* of badness. In purporting to deal with education, Godard manages to be more boring and irrelevant than the most boring Sorbonne professor. God knows, I have sat through some scores of dreary *discours en trois points*, but they had more to them than this vapid verbalisation, which can only be considered as a form of cinematographic suicide.

I have never been an unconditional admirer of Godard, but I have always before found brilliant passages in his films and felt that, in his slapdash way, he had his finger on some modern nerve. Genuineness is even rarer in the cinema than in most other forms of art, and Godard seemed to be genuine, like the early Bergman. So much of what is considered as "good" cinema—dare I breathe the names of Buñuel, Renoir, Hitchcock?—seems to me to have something arranged and meretricious about it. Godard's very defects appeared to make him direct and personal; he used the camera in a rapid, elliptical style to catch life on the wing. If an actor stumbled during a take, he might well leave the stumble in to give an impression of irrational authenticity. His work was, one gathered, entirely his own, with no concessions to committee feeling or commercial tactics.

I must have seen about a dozen films by him,[1] but I haven't a very clear idea of the order in which they were produced. The first I went to was *A bout de souffle*, and I remember queueing in the cold in Paris one Christmas, because the new film was all the rage and Jean-Paul Sartre, who was then still a public figure to be reckoned with, had declared that it was *"un très beau film."* There was also a queue when I saw *Pierrot le fou* at the Cameo-Polytechnic. But all the others— *Bande à part, Le Petit Soldat, Une Femme Mariée, Une Femme est une Femme, Masculin-Féminin, Week-End, La Chinoise, One plus One*—are associated in my mind with deserted halls and back-streets whether in Paris or in London. The bulk of Godard's films must have made comparatively little money, and his world-wide reputation is hardly based at all on popular success.

He declares (in an interview, which is part of the ICA handout) that his early films belonged to his "hippie" period, corresponding to "a bourgeois philosophy," and that the events of May 1968 hastened his mental evolution by at least five years. As I understand it, he is saying that he has moved from non-commitment or half-commitment to total commitment. I remember commenting, at the time of *A bout de souffle*, on the paradoxical fact that Sartre, the apostle of commitment, should have praised a film which was a romantic idealisation of an outlaw, based not on real life but on the alienated fictional hero, played so many times by Humphrey Bogart. (On reflection, the paradox is not as surprising as all that, since nihilistic despair has always been one pole of the Sartrian philosophy.) *Pierrot le fou* was in many respects a remake of *A bout de souffle*, and both films had a strong affinity with *Bande à part*. I

[1] I missed *Vivre sa vie* and *Made in U.S.A.*, saw only extracts of *Les Carabiniers* and can remember nothing of *Le Mépris* except that it took place in a dream-like Mediterranean villa and Michel Piccoli kept his hat on in the bath.

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imagine that it was partly through the examples of these films that the Americans were encouraged to make *Bonnie and Clyde*, a still more systematic idealisation of the outlaw. The mixture of anti-conventionalism, aestheticism and black humour is almost the same in *Pierrot le fou* as in *Bonnie and Clyde*, although the latter is a much more finished product. In other words, Godard took something from American films, applied it brilliantly in a French setting, and thus mediated it back to America.

When he now dismisses this something as "bourgeois," I suppose he means that the outlaw is simply a sentimental anarchist whose struggle against society is bound to end quickly and ineffectually in death. *A bout de souffle* was badly translated as "Breathless"; it implies that the gangster on the run is at his last gasp. *Pierrot le fou* is a crazy middle-class drop-out with no future. The trio in *Bande à part* can only live their marginal life for a limited time. Moreover, the position of these heroes is corrupted by treachery, which is an additional shadow that society as a whole casts over the private universe of the outlaw. The gangster is betrayed to the police by his occasional mistress; Pierrot is in love with an international agent, *i.e.*, a servant of society or big business; one of the trio in *Bande à part* deceives the others through yielding to the profit motive, the mainspring of bourgeois capitalism. These films are, consequently, tragedies, because their heroes are trying to live against the grain and are doubly betrayed by society. In spite of their underlying sentimentality, which is rather naïve, they contain charmingly poetic passages: the love-making to the sound of "*Travailler en musique*" in *A bout de souffle*; the pastoral wanderings in *Pierrot le fou* and, best of all, the café dance sequence in *Bande à part*. The beauty of these episodes lies in the lyrical appreciation of life, even in extreme or hopeless situations. At its best, the cinema is even more effective than the novel in conveying those important but almost indefinable emotions that cling around the processes of living. In these films, as I remember them, Godard excels in rendering the raw, yet touching, unreliability of human relationships.

Something of this same quality is to be found in four other films: *Le Petit Soldat*, *Une Femme Mariée*, *Une Femme est une Femme* and *Masculin-Féminin*. All of these are rather scrappy, as if Godard hadn't quite made up his mind what themes he really wanted to deal with. *Le Petit Soldat*, for instance, is supposed to be about terrorism connected with the Algerian War, yet it handles the subject in a curiously private and unexpected way. Perhaps, in some respects, this is a strength; torture may be an intimate and sordid matter that goes on in a bathroom, without any obvious reference to general principles, rather as if one suddenly found oneself obliged to wash a recalcitrant baby. This again is the immediate stuff of life, and for that reason bits of the film are memorable, but there was no overall artistic impression. I would say the same about *Une Femme Mariée* and *Masculin-Féminin*, which were like notes for films that Godard was fumbling towards but had not quite bothered to make. He is implying in the first that the boredom of middle-class adultery is almost equivalent to the humdrum security of married life, and in the second that young people live together untidily, like kittens or puppies, without fully understanding themselves or each other. Well and good, but possibly he is misled by the immediate realism of the camera into thinking that any fragments of life can be juxtaposed, and that connections and conclusions can be as arbitrary as one likes. It is true that, from the human point of view, fate is quite arbitrary; a young man might well fall to his death from an unfinished building for no apparent reason, as in *Masculin-Féminin*; but the artistic problem of the implausible possible goes back as far as Aristotle. Godard often gives the impression of exaggerating the twists and turns of life merely because he is too undisciplined or too anti-intellectual to devise a pattern. He chops his films up into numbered sections or has a voice making pseudo-links, but this merely emphasises the defect.

Une Femme est une Femme is easily the most successful work in this group, and perhaps the only endearing film that Godard has ever made. In spite of some uncertainties, this story of a striptease artist with domestic longings dodging between two men, one too reliable the other too unreliable, is very delicately carried out, with the slightly musty poetry of *sous les toits de Paris*. Possibly (if the relative dates fit), Godard had seen Truffaut's *Jules et Jim* and wanted to do something along the same lines, but more glancing and acid. It is also the most discreetly adoring of all his treatments of Anna Karina.

La chinoise, *Week-End*, *One Plus One* and, now, *Le Gai Savoir* fall into a quite different category, since they show a direct preoccupation with social satire and political activity. The first was made before the Events of May and now appears to have been remarkably prophetic of the mood of certain sections of French youth. Strangely enough, it could be interpreted as a very bitter comment on the political irresponsibility of young people who

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engage in action largely as a way of working off their irritation with life in general. The title, *La Chinoise* is in the feminine because it refers either to the Maoist cell around which the story centres or to the main character (played by the present Mme Godard), an unpleasant, pouting young bourgeoise who, in the absence of her parents, uses the family flat as the headquarters of the cell. The ignorant, footling and dogmatic conversation of the young people is profoundly depressing, whether or not Godard means it to be so. A long sequence in the middle of the film—shot, for no reason at all, in a moving train—consists of an interview with Francis Jeanson, no mean anti-bourgeois, who points out at length to the heroine how jejune her ideas are. But she is not discouraged and goes on to plan a political assassination, in which she actually shoots the wrong man, because she makes a mistake about the number of the intended victim's flat. No remorse appears to be felt; the error is just one of life's little ironies. All this adds up to a situation which seems true enough of the modern world, but is quite repugnant. As so many middle-aged people have pointed out, there is not much to choose between this aggressive hooliganism with a Left-wing flavour and the destructive activism which was eventually channelled into Nazism. Godard's subsequent development would lead one to suppose that he sympathises with the heroine; at the same time, he presents her as such a self-assertive, unfeeling, and stupid girl, who has simply inverted her bourgeoisism (for instance, she listens to Peking on a Braun portable radio, the most expensive of all models—£200 plus at the moment in England) that he appears to be demolishing the cause he now claims to support. I put this point recently to a wealthy young Italian lady intellectual with whom I happened to find myself discussing the modern movement, and her response was the predictable with-it remark: "But what does coherence matter?..."

Coherence was certainly never Godard's strong suit and he now seems to have abandoned it altogether. *Week-End*, which contains some fine sequences, and in particular a splendid traffic jam, is not even comprehensible in parts, because the background music drowns out the voices. It appears to be an attack on the consumer society, which is seen as consisting of motor-cars, eroticism, and a denial of the imaginative faculty. Civilisation grinds to a halt and the drop-outs take to the woods, where they live as cannibals, ritually slaughtering captured motorists. This is a good black joke, but it is not properly rooted in any convincing picture of society. I agree that the invention of the motor-car can be considered as a disaster—would that humanity had never advanced beyond the pedal-bicycle, that beautiful compromise between mechanisation and the human frame!—yet, much as I detest cars, I cannot believe that it is the materialism of modern life that is wrong. The hedonistic materialistic consumer society has done more to alleviate human suffering in my life-time than could reasonably have been expected. I would rather have modern France, for instance, motor-cars and all, than pre-1914 France as I know it from literature. Nor do I see any need to deplore eroticism as reprehensible in itself, if individuals are free and birth-control is institutionalised; it becomes, in fact, a private hobby, a poetico-theatrical pastime, pleasing to certain temperaments. The problem is how to make contemporary life metaphysically significant and interesting, now that metaphysics has become virtually impossible, and how to give politics, in particular, a metaphysical dimension. I suspect, from these films, that Godard is tempted by barbarism, violence, and destruction, more than he is repelled by materialism. And the temptation is a symptom which upsets his work, rather than an element which has been assimilated into it.

He is trying to be an overt critic of society, when his own sensibility is all at sixes and sevens. This means that he inflicts upon the spectator a lot of half-baked stuff which is neither enlightening politically nor adequate artistically. In *Week-End*, there is a long and dreary passage in which two dust-bin men unburden themselves of some complacent, platitudinous remarks about society, as if they were a couple of noble savages. In *One plus One*, the Negroes are scarcely less self-righteous and antipathetic as they blather away—for some unknown reason, in a car-dump—while massacring white girls. Mme Godard is interviewed interminably about the modern world in an English wood, and answers a lot of random rot, for which her husband is no doubt responsible. In fact, the only tolerable section of *One plus One* is the documentary about a Rolling Stones recording session, with Mick Jagger repeatedly caterwauling an invocation to the Devil in the nocturnal gloom of a vast studio. This has a sort of decadent beauty, because the devil-worship is not without a grain of truth. But are the Rolling Stones a good thing, or a symbol of the cultural perversions of the consumer society? The film dwells on them with love, but how can one be both a Maoist and an admirer of the Rolling Stones? It is not simply that they have gathered a lot of capitalist moss; their

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anarchistic anti-conventionalism, operating within a commercial framework, is the very antithesis of revolutionary puritanism.

MORE PUZZLING STILL than the incoherence is the fact that Godard has tended increasingly to replace images by words, while at the same time making the words more or less nonsensical. The *camera-stylo*, as first used by the New Wave, was supposed to offer an escape from the limitations of verbalism and, as I have said, in his early films Godard had a gift for catching inconsequential detail by visual means. However, monologues, readings aloud, interviews and desultory conversation have progressively invaded his recent films until, in this latest one, *Le Gai Savoir*, the sound-track takes over as the dominant element and sputters away unceasingly, even when the screen is blank. It has even been published as a book by the revolutionary *Union des Ecrivains*, on the ground that it offers a critique of language as used in Western society. I have the book in front of me at this moment, since the director of the ICA obligingly gave me a copy, and not a glimmer of a critique can I see in it. The film can hardly be a practical joke, so Godard must have imagined that, by putting Jean-Pierre Léaud and Juliet Bertho together in a studio and letting them talk *à bâtons rompus* about modern life, while illustrating their chatter with news-reel film and advertising stills, he would help to "demystify" language and do the job of revolutionary analysis that conventional education fails to do.

Such pretentiousness is quite breath-taking. His two speakers ramble on for ninety minutes, on a level which suggests that the *Reader's Digest* would be above their powers of concentration, although they have picked up some Parisian catch-phrases. "Chance is structured like the unconscious," says Mlle Bertho, a Left-wing Marie Chantal, vaguely parroting Lacan's dictum about the unconscious being structured like a language. I don't understand how Godard can bear even to record such nonsense. This is not a demystification; it is a barbarous re-mystification.

In short, in spite of what he says, Godard has not evolved into intelligent commitment. He has just exchanged his romantic admiration of the outlaw for a muddled and uninteresting obsession with the concept of revolution, which he is handling about as badly as possible. He appears to have renounced the things he was gifted for and to be trying to do something for which he has no talent, and in a way that is not even suited to his medium.

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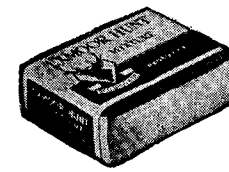

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NOTES & TOPICS

The Fallacy of Daemonic Enmity

WE CANNOT profit from our past errors unless we are candid in writing our history. The Russians, who are generally given an invented history to serve the purposes of their rulers, could hardly have begun to learn from their own errors until Chairman Khrushchev's extraordinary outburst of candour at the 20th Party Congress in 1956, surely the most hopeful single event in the entire history of the Soviet Union. This observation is preliminary to a comment on Mr. David Astor's profoundly moving account [in the June ENCOUNTER] of the British and American refusal to have anything to do with those Germans who were trying to overthrow Hitler. My comment is simply an extrapolation of his own comment.

In the world as it has been since the French Revolution, a prime problem in the conduct of war and the making of peace has been the identification of the Enemy. Before the Revolution, when wars were made by princes using small professional armies, the Enemy was properly identified as an individual sovereign: it might be Louis XIV or Frederick the Great. However, with the post-revolutionary acceptance of the theory that sovereignty resides in a corporate person called "the People," and with the participation in war of whole nations in arms, it was inevitable that the identification of the Enemy should come to embrace nations in their entirety; so that, when the Enemy was defeated, every individual in the enemy population could be considered as sharing in a collective guilt and as subject to condign punishment.

The victors of 1815, because their minds had been formed in pre-Revolutionary days, identified Napoleon rather than the French people as the guilty enemy. Then, having packed him off to his island imprisonment, they were able to make a true and lasting peace with a France under the rule of his Bourbon successor. If, instead, they had identified the French people as the enemy, they would have been confronted by the impossibility of packing the whole of it off to St. Helena and then finding an alternative sovereign with whom to make peace. Neither would they have felt themselves altogether free to cooperate with Talleyrand and other Frenchmen in the overthrow of Napoleon, for such collaborators would have been enemies simply in consequence of being French.

Post-revolutionary statemanship has occasionally struggled against the nefarious doctrine of collective guilt and the consequent identification of whole populations as enemies. However, when an entire nation is called on by its leaders to take up arms, and when victory becomes the irreducible objective, then the spectre of an opposed nation of menacing monsters must be evoked to make it accept the sacrifices that are the price of victory. In the American Civil War, Northerners and Southerners had to be aroused to mutual hatred if they were to fight with the necessary fanaticism. Such hatred, however, was bound to obviate the possibility of making a true peace when it had at last served its purpose in procuring victory, which is to say that it was bound to prevent a peace of reconciliation. As victory approached for the North, Lincoln undertook (in the memorable eloquence of his Second Inaugural Address) to lift the victorious people of the North above their war-time hatred. But it was no use. The victory, rather than leading to a peace of reconciliation, was followed by the ugly spectacle of the Reconstruction, which aroused in Southern hearts a bitterness that still today is not quite dead.

AN EFFORT SIMILAR to Lincoln's was made by Woodrow Wilson in World War I. Calling for an American declaration of war on the German state, he explicitly confined the identification of the enemy to the Kaiser's autocratic régime. "We have no quarrel with the German people," he said, adding that the United States would be fighting "for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included." Again, however, it was no use. Although the Kaiser's régime was overthrown before the War's end, the Allied peoples had been aroused by the propaganda of wartime to indiscriminate hatred of the German people as a whole. Because the enemy, for them, was the entire German nation, no true peace could be made when the enemy identified by Wilson was gone. The democratic régime of the new Weimar Republic, representing the "liberated" German people, was constrained by the victors to plead guilty in the name of the German nation itself. On the basis of this imposed verdict of national guilt, it then felt itself compelled to accept a punitive settlement. So no true peace was made. The Weimar régime, unable to survive the psychological and material burdens

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imposed on it by the avenging victors, was at last succeeded by Hitler and his Nazis. (It should be noted, however, that in the *Reichstag* elections of 1933, which brought them to power, 56·1% of the votes were cast against them.) I see no fundamental difference between Hitler's doctrine of collective guilt applied to all the Jews, down to infants in arms, and the same doctrine applied to all the Germans.

In World War II, the unsuccessful statesmanship of Lincoln and Wilson was not repeated. President Roosevelt, especially, was unequivocal in his identification of the Enemy as the three Axis peoples, rather than as their governing régimes only, asserting that they were "aggressor peoples" by their very nature, as rattlesnakes are poisonous, in contrast to the "peace-loving peoples": *i.e.*, those of the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, and China. "It is clear to us," he told Congress, "that if Germany and Italy and Japan—or any one of them—remain armed at the end of this war or are permitted to re-arm, they will again, and inevitably, embark upon an ambitious career of world conquest." (When may we expect Italy, which has been re-armed for a generation now, to begin?) The governing régime, in this conception, was at most secondary.

One may doubt that this conception was congenial to Churchill, but it fitted perfectly the common mind of the day in America and Britain alike. David Astor notes that "the anti-German racism preached by Lord Vansittart went almost unchallenged in our public life." In 1941 there appeared in London a book, *The Behaviour of Nations* by Morley Roberts, in which Mr. Roberts advanced Roosevelt's conception of national guilt as a justification for genocide. European chancelleries, he wrote, "know that the Germans' leader became their leader because he is so essentially what they are." He drew the conclusion that, "if the German people are again overcome, it must be held that the massacre of a whole population is justifiable if no other means can secure an inoffensive nation or nationality." Given the premise, his logic was impeccable.

It is in the conception of the German, Italian, and Japanese peoples as aggressors by their inborn nature, advanced by Roosevelt as the basis on which the Atlantic allies would deal with them after their defeat, that we must find the reason for the moralistic refusal of the American and British governments to cooperate with the German opposition. If all Germans shared alike in the evil that Hitler merely enacted as their representative, then it would have been improper to have dealings with any of them, whether Adam von Trott, Gerhard von Schwerin, Konrad Adenauer, or Goethe himself if he had been alive. And even if it would not have been improper, how could the German opposition to Hitler have been given the assurances it had to have if it was to succeed in overthrowing him? How could it have been given assurances that a Germany under an Adenauer régime, say, would be treated any more considerately than the Germany under Hitler's rule? There was no such intention. Roosevelt, himself, had made that clear.

The whole conceptual basis on which the Atlantic Allies fought the War was false—morally false in its racism and pragmatically false in obviating the possibility of making a real peace, at the end of the War, with a successor régime. It required the replacement of German power by that power-vacuum into which Stalin's Red Army was inevitably drawn as the War came to its close, thereby setting the stage for the Cold War that followed.

Von Trott (and how many millions of others?) was the victim of the fallacy of the two species: the mythic belief, which has taken so many forms in history, that humanity is divided between a virtuous species (ourselves and those with whom we identify ourselves) and a vicious species (those who belong to another race or cultural community).

Such hope as we may reasonably hold for the long future of mankind would appear to depend on our achieving the intellectual and moral sophistication that will enable us to recognise the basic fact of our common humanity, the fact that opposed groupings of mankind, however else they may be distinguished, are not inherently distinguished by the distinction between good and evil.

This, to me, is the ultimate lesson implicit in Mr. Astor's account of a lamentable history. It is elementary. It was understood by Gibbon two centuries ago when, referring to the conflict between the Athanasians and the Arians, he wrote:

> The fierce and partial writers of the times, ascribing *all* virtues to themselves, and imputing all guilt to their adversaries, have painted the battle of the angels and daemons. Our calmer reason will reject such pure and perfect monsters of vice and sanctity, and will impute an equal, or at least an indiscriminate, measure of good and evil to the hostile sectaries....

Let us hope that the calmer reason and the candour of future historians will at last drive home the lesson.

Louis J. Halle

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Of Barricades & Ivory Towers

An Interview with T. W. Adorno

HERR PROFESSOR, *a fortnight ago the world still seemed to be in order....*

ADORNO: Not to me.

—You said that your relations with your students were unimpaired and that in the learned institutions in which you teach fruitful and objective discussions were continuing undisturbed. But now you have called off your lectures.

ADORNO: Not for the whole term, but only until further notice; I intend to resume them in a few weeks. That is what all my colleagues do when their lectures are subjected to such disruption.

—Was violence used against you?

ADORNO: Not physical violence, but there was such an uproar that the lecture would have been totally submerged. That was obviously the intention.

—Students used to treat you with great respect. Do you object only to the form taken by their opposition to you, or to their political aims also? You and the students used to see eye to eye.

ADORNO: That is not the dimension in which our differences come into play. I recently said in a television interview that I had set up a theoretical model, but I could not suspect that people would want to put it into practice with Molotov cocktails. That sentence of mine has been quoted an innumerable number of times, but it is very much in need of interpretation.

—How would you interpret it today?

ADORNO: In my writings I have never set up any kind of model for practical action. I am a man of theory, and feel theoretical thought to be extremely close to the purposes of the artist. It is not just since yesterday that I have turned away from practical action; my thinking has always had a very indirect relationship to practice. It may have had practical effects inasmuch as a number of ideas may have entered the general consciousness, but I have never said anything directly aimed at practical action. Since the first rumpus against me in Berlin in 1967 certain groups of students have kept trying to force solidarity on me and demanding practical action from me. That I have consistently refused.

—But critical theory cannot be content to leave things as they are. The SDS students learnt that from you. But you now refuse them practical action, Herr Professor. So do you just cultivate a "critical liturgy," as Ralf Dahrendorf has remarked?

ADORNO: In Dahrendorf there is a tone of carefree conviction that, if only small reforms were made, then perhaps everything would be better. That is an assumption I cannot accept. From the APO movement [the so-called Extra-Parliamentary Opposition] I am always confronted by pressure to commit myself to join in, and that is something that since my earliest youth I have refused to do. In that respect there has been no change in me. I try to express my ideas, but I cannot regulate them by the use that may be made of them or the consequences.

—Intellectual in an ivory tower, then?

ADORNO: I am not in the least afraid of the term "ivory tower" [*Elfenbeinturm*]. It had its better days, when Baudelaire used it. But, since you have mentioned it, I think a theory is much more likely to have a practical effect thanks to its objectivity than if it is subjected to practice in advance. The unfortunate thing about the relationship between theory and practice today is that theory is subjected to a practical precensorship. For instance, they want to prevent

HISTORY *has certain standard political ironies —such as the revolution devouring its own children or, in other ravenous moments, its own parents. Professor* T. W. ADORNO *was one of the fathers of the German student rebellion. His seminars in Marxist dialectical philosophy at the University of Frankfurt's "Institut für Sozialforschung" (Herbert Marcuse once taught there) produced most of the leading student revolutionaries who have been organising the strikes and street-battles of the last several years. Then, dramatically, there was a falling-out of comrades. Theory seemed to conflict with practice, words failed to match deeds. A generational gap began to divide even the forces on the New Left. Adorno came under severe attack, his Institute was occupied, and his lectures disrupted. In the following interview, one of the editors of "Der Spiegel" questions Professor Adorno about the background of his so-called retreat from the barricades to an ivory tower.*

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me from saying simple things that show the illusory nature of many of the political aims of certain students.

—But those students obviously have a big following.

ADORNO: Small groups continually succeed in high-pressuring a spirit of loyalty which the great majority of Left-wing students are unable to resist. But I should like to repeat that in so doing they cannot appeal to any models for action that I have given them in order later to detach me from them. No such models exist.

—Nevertheless it is a fact that students sometimes very directly and sometimes indirectly appeal to your critique of society. Without your theories the German student protest movement might perhaps not have arisen.

ADORNO: That I would not deny; all the same, I find it hard to see the connection. I should be prepared to believe that the critique of the manipulation of public opinion—which I hold to be completely legitimate, even if it takes the form of demonstration—would not have been possible without the chapter on *"Kulturindustrie"* in the *Dialectics of Enlightenment* by Max Horkheimer and myself. But I think that the connection between theory and practice is often short-circuited. When one has taught and published with the intensity that I have for twenty years, it passes into the general consciousness.

—And thus also into practice?

ADORNO: In certain circumstances, but not necessarily. In our works the value of so-called individual actions is greatly limited by the emphasis on the social totality.

—But how can the social totality be changed without individual actions?

ADORNO: Now you are asking too much of me. Generally, I can really only answer the question: What should be done? by saying: I do not know. I can only try remorselessly to analyse things as they are. It is then objected that, if I practise criticism, I am obliged also to say how things should be done better. And that I regard as a bourgeois prejudice. It has occurred a countless number of times in history that works written with purely theoretical intentions have brought about changes in the general consciousness and thus also in social reality.

—But in your works you have distinguished your "critical theory" from theories of other kinds. Your critical theory claims not just to be an empirical description of reality but to include consideration of the proper organisation of society.

ADORNO: On that occasion I was engaged in criticising positivism. Note that I said *consideration*. The sentence does not imply that I have the presumption to say how one should act.

—But you once said that the critical theory would "lift the stones under which the vermin breed." If students now pick up those stones and begin throwing them—is that so ununderstandable?

ADORNO: It is certainly not ununderstandable. I think their zeal for action is attributable to desperation, because people feel how little power they really have to change society. But I also think these individual actions are doomed to failure; that was shown by the May revolts in France.

—But if individual actions are useless, is not all that is left the "critical impotence" for which the SDS attacked you?

ADORNO: There is a phrase of Grabbe's that says: "For nothing but desperation can save us (*Denn nichts als nur Verzweiflung kann uns retten*). . . ." It is provocative, but by no means foolish. I do not regard it as a criticism that one should be desperate, or pessimistic, or negative, in the world in which we live. But it becomes a real limitation when people try to shout down their objective desperation by the hurrah-optimism of direct action in order to make things psychologically easier.

—Your colleague, Jürgen Habermas, another champion of "Kritische Theorie," has now admitted in an article that the students have developed a cult of "fantastical provocation" and are really able to bring about some changes.

ADORNO: I would agree with that. I believe that, but for the students, our university reform

The Academic Life

Frankfurt

THEODOR W. ADORNO, *65, till recently philosopher of the Student Left ("How could I know that people would try to translate my theories into action by means of Molotov Cocktails?. . .") was prevented last week from holding his usual lecture on "Introduction to Dialectics." The interruption in Hörsaal* VII *of Frankfurt University was due to a campaign of "planned tenderness." After the distribution of a leaflet entitled* "ADORNO ALS INSTITUTION IST TOT," *three young revolutionary females from the "Basisgruppe Soziologie" circled around Professor Adorno, at first waving their bouquets of flowers, then kissing him, exposing their breasts, and confronting him with erotic pantomime. Professor Adorno, who had called in the police last semester when 76 student radicals occupied his Institute for Social Research, tried to protect himself with his briefcase, and then left the lecture hall. He has since announced that his lectures and seminar on "Dialectics" would be indefinitely postponed.*

DER SPIEGEL

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—incidentally we do not know yet what the outcome will be—would not have been instituted at all. I believe that, but for the student movement, the general attention that is now paid to the processes of stupefication (*Verdummungsprozess*) that prevail in present-day society would never have crystallised. And—to mention something quite concrete—I also think that it was only as a result of the Berlin students' investigation of the murder of Ohnesorg that the whole dreadful story penetrated to the public consciousness. By this I mean to say that I by no means cut myself off from drawing practical conclusions when I can see that they are correct.

—And when have you regarded them as correct?

ADORNO: I have taken part in demonstrations against the national Emergency Laws, and I have done what I could in the field of criminal law reform. But there is a total difference between that sort of thing and involving myself in half-crazy affairs such as throwing stones at the windows of university institutes.

—What is your criterion whether an action is sensible or not?

ADORNO: For one thing, it depends to a large extent on the concrete situation. For another, I have the greatest reservations about the use of violence. If I did not reject the vicious circle of meeting force with force I should have to deny my whole past—the Hitler experience and what I have observed of Stalinism. I can visualise sensible practical action to bring about change only as not involving the use of violence.

—Even under a Fascist dictatorship?

ADORNO: There are situations in which things are different. A real Fascist system can be met only with force. In that respect I am anything but rigid. But, after the murder of countless millions in the totalitarian states, I refuse to follow those who still preach violence. That is the dividing line.

—Was that dividing line crossed when students tried to prevent the delivery of Springer newspapers by sit-down strikes?

ADORNO: I regard that sit-down strike as legitimate.

—Was it crossed when students disrupted your lecture by noisy sex scenes?

ADORNO: I have always opposed all kinds of sex repression and taboos—and they did that for *my* benefit, of all people! Ridiculing me, and setting three hippy girls at me! I found them disgusting. The comic effect aimed at was basic-

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ally the reaction of the philistine *Spiessbürger* who giggles at the sight of a girl with bare breasts. The whole absurdity was of course calculated in advance.

—Was this unusual performance intended to upset your theories?

ADORNO: I do not think these actions against me are really directed at the content of my lectures. The extreme Left is more concerned with publicity. It is afraid of being forgotten, so it becomes the slave of its own publicity. Lectures like mine, which are attended by about 1,000 people, obviously provide a splendid forum for activistic propaganda.

—But cannot the students' action also be interpreted as an act of desperation? May they not have felt let down by a Theory which they believed at least was capable of being transformed into action that would change society?

ADORNO: They have not tried discussing it with me. What makes dealing with them so difficult today is the predominance of tactics. My friends and I have the feeling that we are now merely objects in carefully calculated plans. The idea of the right of minorities, which is after all an essential element in liberty, no longer plays any role. They blind themselves to reality in the matter.

—And what about your adopting a defence strategy in the face of all this?

ADORNO: My interests are increasingly directed to philosophical speculation. If I were to give practical advice, as Herbert Marcuse has done to a certain extent, my productivity would decline. A great deal can be said against the division of labour, but even Marx, who in his youth violently attacked it, later recognised of course that it was a necessity.

—Thus, you have decided for theory and leave practice to others; in fact they are already engaged in it. Would it not be better if theory simultaneously reflected practice? And also included present actions?

ADORNO: There are situations in which I might do that. At present it seems to me to be much more important to consider the anatomy of activism.

—So mere theory again?

ADORNO: At this time I attach greater importance to theory. I tackled these questions long ago—particularly in my work on *Negative Dialectics*—before the present conflict arose.

—"Negative Dialectics" contains the following resigned statement: "Philosophy, which once seemed outdated, remains alive because the time for its realisation was missed." Does not such a philosophy—beyond all conflicts—become mere "foolishness"? That is a question you posed yourself.

ADORNO: As before, I believe that it is precisely under the pressure of the universal activism of a functionally pragmatised world that theory should be clung to. Recent events have done nothing to make me wish to change anything I have written.

—Your friend Habermas once stated that your dialectics have so far restricted themselves to the "blackest spots" of resignation, the "destructive suction of the death wish."

ADORNO: I should say rather that the frantic trend to positivism derives from the death wish.

—So the virtue of philosophy is to look the negative in the face but not to change it?

ADORNO: Philosophy in so far as it remains philosophy cannot recommend direct steps or changes. It brings about changes in so far as it remains theory. I think that for once the question might well be asked whether it is not a form of opposition for a man to think and write the things that I write. Is not theory also a genuine form of practice?

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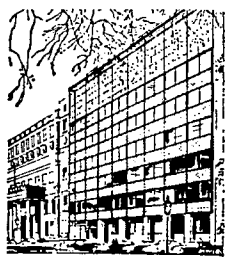

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—Are there not situations (as in Greece, for instance) in which, apart from critical reflection, you would favour action?

ADORNO: In Greece I should obviously approve of any kind of action. A totally different situation prevails there. But telling other people to go out and make a revolution when you are living in security is so absurd as to be embarrassing.

—So, as before, you regard analysing social conditions as the most sensible and useful work that you can do?

ADORNO: Yes, and also to devote myself to quite specific individual phenomena. I am not in the least ashamed to say quite frankly and openly that I am working on a big book on aesthetics.

London Commentary

The Boredom & the Excitement

On Reforming Local Government — By John P. Mackintosh, M.P.

THERE IS A REAL danger that the reform of local government, which is important and could be exciting, will collapse, borne down by active opponents among the minority who understand the new Redcliffe-Maud proposals and the boredom of the majority who do not.

Those who cannot raise a flicker of interest are probably recoiling from memories of old Fabian tracts, of tedious books on by-laws and of the less than dynamic local councillors they have met. But there is a new range of issues which deserve some consideration. Local government should be able to handle a problem which does interest many people nowadays—the preservation and improvement of the environment in which we live.

Are we in our villages, suburbs, or city centres to have our eardrums ruptured by low-flying jets landing nearby? Is the river at the foot of the garden to be so polluted that it is unsafe to put a big toe in it? Will it be possible to drive into the theatre without endless delays and alarms, and will there be a theatre there anyway? With greater wealth and leisure now taken for granted, the quality of life has begun to matter much more and this has happened at a time when our capacity for ruining our environment has likewise become much greater.

A second point is that the sort of planning involved and the task in each area of finding a balance between public and private interest cannot all be handled from London. It has to be arranged and re-arranged in each locality according to the views of the people on the spot. In addition, many consider that Britain is already too centralised: but whether this is accepted or not, it is physically impossible to leave to Whitehall all decisions about the purposes for which land is to be used, the kind of building to be permitted, etc. This was demonstrated when the queue of planning appeals had built up to 12,000 and the waiting period to several years. Not only has this work to be done in localities but also it requires imagination as well as detailed knowledge. This kind of local government is far more absorbing than the prospect, as Churchill once put it, of "joining Beatrice Webb in her soup kitchen."

It is past time local government in Britain was reformed so that it will attract those who would like to tackle these problems. In other countries where local authorities have real powers to make a difference to people's lives, politicians as vigorous and controversial as Rockefeller and Lindsay, Adenauer and Brandt all began their political careers in local government. And it would be useful in Britain to have another training ground for leadership and reservoir of political talent besides the House of Commons where a decade out of office reduces the level of experience and number of able men available on the Opposition front benches.

WITH THESE ADVANTAGES in a lively local government, it might be wondered why anyone is opposed to reform. But the hostile combination is powerful. As one civic dignitary put it, "Mayors of England unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains. . . ." And these mayors, aldermen, and councillors often hold key posts in the constituency organisations which choose and then pursue the local M.P. It is only to be expected that council officials and the many employees of local government fear amalgamations and possible redundancies. Some citizens, particularly in the smaller boroughs, still feel a real civic pride and resent losing their present degree of self-government. Finally, there is the

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tremendous distaste among all sorts in London, civil servants, M.P.s, and journalists alike, for any notion that a measure of authority could be conceded to the provinces and that originality and ability might flourish in organisations outside their immediate control.

FACING ALL THESE opponents, the recent Redcliffe-Maud Commission had a further set of handicaps imposed by the Government in its terms of reference. The Commission was not allowed to look at Wales, Scotland, or London, nor was it permitted to decide what should be the proper field for local government. It was restricted to considering how best to reorganise the *existing* functions of the *present* councils in England. The oddity of this decision only appears when one recalls that in the past 20 years many important tasks have been taken away from local government just because it was not reformed. So it might have been thought proper at least to allow the Commission to include the possibility of resuming these duties if a suitable scale of organisation could be created.

Important examples are the hospitals (whose location and management excite great local interest), preservation of the countryside, internal airports, and river pollution. There are other functions (particularly, regional economic and land-use planning) which Whitehall has handed out to the regions but not to local government and which were therefore also outside the Commission's terms of reference. So were the operations of those nationalised industries which are managed on a regional basis.

Despite these limitations, the Royal Commission proceeded in a systematic manner. Wanting a new system which would be efficient, democratic, long-lasting and likely to produce active participation, the members decided in favour of "efficiency" as the key factor if there should be any discrepancies between these objectives. Although the research carried out for the Commission established that bigger units do not always provide better services, a minimum and maximum population level for efficient operation was arrived at. Without much evidence to support such precise figures, the Commission decided that many services would not work well if there were fewer than 250,000 people in the unit and that the whole thing would cease to be "local" if there were more than one million.

Then, facing the question of whether there should be two levels of local government—one for the large-scale services such as planning, major roads, water supply, and the redevelopment of cities, and another for the more intimate personal services in health, social work, and amenities—the Commission decided that these functions were linked (especially in the form of housing needs); and so they plumped for 58 all-purpose councils unattractively named as "unitary authorities." Looking at the often large and artificial units that resulted, they felt it necessary to add smaller local councils for advisory purposes and much larger councils to cover what they call "provinces" (*viz.*, the South-West, East Anglia, the North-East).

THE TROUBLE WITH THIS SOLUTION is that it teems with difficulties and attracts little positive support. At present there is some local pride in the moderate-sized boroughs and those involved in their government will bitterly resent being left with merely advisory bodies. At the higher or provincial level, there is an air of impermanence about the whole thing because the Crowther Commission may well give some of the tasks of the nominated regional Boards and some of the duties absorbed by the central government to the provincial councils. Then these bodies might also take over the running of the Police since the Redcliffe-Maud Commission admitted that this could not be left to the 58 unitary authorities.

If these executive powers were given to the provinces they will become much more important and attractive authorities and may have to be directly elected. The result, in my view, would produce a far more satisfactory series of units for running the major services than Redcliffe-Maud's 58 unitary authorities. One can imagine the scope given to men such as Dan Smith if they had the whole of the North-East to administer. The South-West likewise has some collective sentiment and patriotism (though to make the most of this, the provincial boundary should run through Somerset and Dorset excluding Bath, Bristol, and Bournemouth).

To move in this direction would require a much more genuine discussion of "devolution" than the Commission attempted. Is it true and, if so, is it desirable to create centres outside London with a real political life of their own and scope for varying administrative methods and policies? Can we envisage a Prime Minister of the West Midlands making a name for himself and becoming a more important national figure than a junior Cabinet Minister?

It is because the Redcliffe-Maud Commission was not empowered to face these questions—because its proposals break away from the known, valued focuses of loyalty without moving towards units which look like in time producing at least the same level of interest and loyalty—that there has been such a confused and muted public response. The Commission has broken the log-jam on local government reform without, alas, creating stable platforms for new constructions.

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On Translating Balzac

By Rayner Heppenstall

I AM SLOWLY approaching the end of a translation of Balzac's longest novel but one. My deadline is still seven months away. I have been at it the best part of a year-and-a-half, and I am three-quarters of the way through, though not in a straight line. The book is divided into four parts. I did the first and longest part first; then I did the fourth part, largely because it presented the most obvious difficulties; and I have just finished the second part and started on the third.

Naturally, I hope to anticipate my deadline, if only by a few weeks. Even so, the translation will have taken me most of two years. I dare say I could have done it in less had I been willing to suspend all other literary activities. I work on the typewriter straight into a final copy with two carbons, not often reading over what I have done but leaving it to my wife to detect repetitions, omissions, confusion, inconsistency and gross infelicity, which I then correct by hand on all three copies. In terms of time spent on the job, I calculate that my earnings by the hour are roughly those of a charwoman or one of the less union-protected and more conscientious varieties of unskilled labourer.

The novel has been translated before, but I have not looked at the earlier translations. This was not a matter of principle or, at any rate, of strong principle. If there had been an earlier translation in the house, I should have studied it. On the other hand, I have resisted the temptation to borrow someone else's copy of the Saintsbury translation. It will be more fun to look at other translations when I have finished mine, perhaps not until mine is in print.

I have, indeed, sometimes thought that to revise an existing translation might be more sensible than to make a new one. The ideal would, I suppose, have been to work over a good British or American translation done round about 1850, all necessary additions being made in a flawless *pastiche* of novelists' English of the time—of Charles Kingsley, say, or Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, or the Bulwer-Lytton of *Paul Clifford*. For, while it may rightly be argued that Homer or Virgil or Dante needs translating afresh for each generation, this is not the case with 19th- or, for that matter, 18th-century novels in a fully developed European language. Of earlier translations of these, the period flavour is desirable, not the reverse (as it is with stuff as remote from earlier translators as from ourselves, a question not purely of historical time or geographical distance). The very first translations of Balzac should need modifying only in so far as they are bad translations, bad as translations from his French or, in English, stylistically poor according to the standards of their own day, done from a bad text or defective for reasons to do with moral or political hypocrisy.

However, to revise an early translation or to collate several early translations is not what I contracted to do. Even less did I contract to rewrite the book as I myself might have done it, an amusing exercise for a novelist (the result would have been shorter). I aim at a perfectly straightforward fidelity to the original, accepting even Balzac's dreadful system of punctuation, accepting the endless "he said," "he continued," "she replied," and the rest. "Agony" would hardly be too strong a word for some of the masochistic feats involved in the maintenance of such fidelity, for Balzac's use of *dit, fit, reprit, continua, répondit*, is not merely automatic, it is sometimes grotesque, in that a character will frequently "go on" who has not begun, or reply to a question which has not been put even by implication. Balzac's use of language is not only commonplace and frequently careless, it is sometimes quite hideously inept, now and then perfectly meaningless, one of the ways in which he compares very unfavourably with Victor Hugo as a novelist.

THESE ARE GENERAL difficulties with Balzac. There are difficulties specific to the novel I am translating, and the reader may be interested

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in these. The novel is *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*. Its action follows on directly from that of *Illusions Perdues*, towards the end of which the fatally handsome young poet, Lucien Chardon, *dit* de Rubempré (a style to which he has some claim on his mother's side), returned disastrously from Paris to the neighbourhood of Angoulême and setting out one morning to drown himself in the Charente, is picked up by a mysterious Spanish priest on a diplomatic mission, who promises him a glorious future, takes him into his carriage and drives on towards Paris. This priest, it will duly turn out, is really the M. Vautrin at the boarding-house in *Le Père Goriot*, revealed (during the course of that best-known of all Balzac's novels) to be an ex-convict, Jacques Collin, known as Dodgedeath.

Balzac's intention had been to write a novel about prostitution. His title for this was to be *La Torpille*, the professional nickname of the heroine, Esther Gobseck, daughter of an unknown father and Sara van Gobseck, herself a prostitute known as *la belle Hollandaise*, great-niece of the financier Gobseck. (These figures occur in other novels and stories, Esther's mother being murdered in *César Birotteau*.) *La Torpille* as projected was in fact written, and most of it was published, some under that title, some under the title *Esther, ou les Amours d'un Banquier*. Projected in 1837, partly written the following year and completed in 1843, it thereafter appeared as parts one and two of *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes*, completed as a whole in early 1847 and published towards the end of that year. After the death of Esther, the novel is not much concerned with prostitution, and so the over-all title is something of a misnomer. It is, however, fully applicable to parts one and two.

A LARGE DIFFICULTY ARISES very early with regard to the classification of the types of harlotry, though in fact this difficulty soon turns out to be easily dealt with in the remoter fields of pornotypology. It was the simplest and commonest word of all, *fille*, which gave me most trouble in the first half of the book. We have no word which may equally mean a common prostitute, a serving woman (or, indeed, any young woman of the working class), in certain contexts a nun, and in all contexts a daughter of even the most respectable or noble family. It is with a highly generalised category, *les filles*, that Balzac's sociology and psychology are mostly concerned. His generalisations, that is to say, are almost invariably about what *les filles* think, feel and do, not about the more circumscribed thoughts, emotions and actions of *courtisanes, lorettes, filles soumises,* juvenile *rats* or mere *grisettes*,[1] essentially part-timers. (The Proustian *cocotte* has not yet appeared.) I fear that at times I have been reduced to the word "wench" when the pornic implication was tenuous.

Here, I may be allowed a critical point, which has nothing to do with translation difficulties except in so far as the difficult word is involved. The cruellest deed ever performed by Vautrin, in any of the works in which he occurs (they include a play simply called *Vautrin*), was, I suggest, implanted in Balzac's mind by the simple linguistic fact that a *fille* was also a daughter and that nothing renders a man so vulnerable as a cherished daughter who may be turned overnight into a *fille publique* in the sight of a vicious world which yet demands total "purity" of young women (not but that even now rape at tender years may not have the most devastating psychological effects on a girl). The return of Peyrade's beloved Adela from the brothel to which she has been lured is "little Nell" stuff with a vengeance (it is literally a vengeance). Dickens himself would hardly have attempted it. Richardson might, but, if he had, it would not have been the language in which he wrote which itself put the notion into his mind.

With Esther's nickname the difficulty is perfectly specific. The English translator of Félicien Marceau's recent book on Balzac[2] has, I see, funked it and let the name stand in French as *la Torpille*. I have been bolder. I have allowed Esther to be referred to as "the Torpedo," fully aware that this lends her associations we might nowadays find attached to an aggressive Hollywood "blonde bombshell," Esther being neither blonde nor a bombshell. The word *torpille* is French for a numb-fish, cramp-fish or electric ray (not to be confused with the sting ray). "Torpedo" was the Latin word for this fish. When moored or floating mines were first devised as an instrument of naval warfare, we and the French both named them after it (you touched them and got a shock). The French and

[1] As readers of Sterne know, the word *grisette* (or *grisset*, as Sterne writes it) had once been innocent of all meretricious implication. This seems to indicate happier economic circumstances for women under the *ancien régime*. For these little seamstresses were simply unprotected working-class girls in the big city. In London during the present century, their equivalent was the "shopgirls" who were "picked up" by undergraduates and other rich young riff-raff in novels of the 1920s and early '30s and who are still so picked up in the work of that curiously old-fashioned writer, Mr. Anthony Powell.

[2] Félicien Marceau, *Balzac and His World* (tr. Derek Coltman, 1967).

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ourselves now both reserve the designation *torpille* or "torpedo" to the later, self-propelled weapon originally called a *torpille locomotrice* or "locomotive torpedo." Neither we nor the French now think of a moored or floating mine as a torpedo. The word *torpille* may, it is true, still be used in French for a numb-fish, cramp-fish or electric ray, but the fact seems to be unknown to most Frenchmen, except perhaps on the Mediterranean. I have certainly found it to be unknown to a university-educated Breton. The fish itself is, I dare say, less common in our waters.

A BOTHER WHICH CROPS UP in part one, and which largely (to the mind of the unfortunate translator) dominates part two and is shared with *La Maison Nucingen* and *César Birotteau,* is the dialogue given to Baron Nucingen, the banker. He is commonly said to be an Alsatian, though his way of speaking is also described as that of a Polish Jew. Balzac prints all his lines in italics, and he distorts what the love-sick old scoundrel says to the point of near-unintelligibility in a perfectly systematic fashion, always changing certain vowels and, in the case of consonants, at all points substituting a voiced for an unvoiced, an unvoiced for a voiced, consonant, a *p* for a *b* but also a *b* for a *p*, a *t* for a *d* but also a *d* for *t*, a *k* for a hard *g* and *vice versa, ch* for *j, j* for *ch* and so on. I have been less systematic. In the result, I fancy that what Nucingen says will be in general a bit less immediately unintelligible, though not much. Whenever I saw dialogue in italics coming up, I groaned and was tempted to give up. I have not felt justified in too much pre-alleviating the reader's inevitable groans. To be largely unintelligible is an essential part of the baron's character, the height of absurdity being that he thinks and soliloquises in his frightful jargon and uses it in conversation with those with whom, in any imaginable real life, he would certainly speak good German or Yiddish. In French or in English, it is bound to be a relief to the reader when he finally disappears. This relief was recently experienced by the translator, who felt that Esther's suicide was more adequately motivated than some critics have thought it.

THE NEW DIFFICULTY in part three is provided by radical differences between the French and English legal systems. Against this difficulty I had, as it happens, been somewhat forearmed by the study of French law in another connection, but I have only just discovered how grave the problem would be to me as a translator. If only through reading Simenon, most English readers are aware of the importance in French criminal procedure of the *juge d'instruction*, commonly translated in English as "examining magistrate." I don't, I may say, quarrel with this translation. It seems to me to do perfectly well. The trouble is that there is no accepted and precisely meaningful English translation for any other characteristic figure in French law. Even "law" and *loi* are not equivalent terms. In most cases in which an English novelist (or journalist or publicist) speaks of "the Law," his French counterpart will be speaking of *la Justice*. The word "police" has different ranges of connotation in the two languages now, and these differences were not the same in the first half of the 19th century. In Balzac, *la police* commonly means the whole field of police work, sometimes what we should call police methods. It hardly ever means, as it does with us, a collectivity of policemen.

A whole book could be written on this one little group of linguistic points resulting from administrative differences. The relations between police and the military give rise to endless trouble. The organisation of the French magistracy is even worse. Everyone here may know that *gendarme* is an awkward word, but it is not so awkward as *magistrat*. Prosecuting counsel in any French criminal case is a member of the magistracy, and yet to us, although he wears a red gown, he, the *avocat-général,* is as much a barrister as the black-gowned *avocat,* which prevents us translating *avocat* as "barrister" when that would seem the natural thing to do. An important figure in parts three and four of *Splendeurs et Misères* is M. de Granville, the *Procureur-Général*. His position is not quite either that of our Attorney-General or of our Director of Public Prosecutions. In broadly "Anglo-Saxon" if not in specifically British terms, a *procureur du Roi* (or, at other times, *de la République*), may properly be called a district attorney, which is perhaps sufficient reason for deciding that M. de Granville shall be Attorney-General and that *le Parquet* shall be the Attorney-General's office. The word "procurator," still used in Scotland, doesn't much help. It was used in Judaea, too, and the best-known procurator in history seems to have been a sort of *Gauleiter*.

At a point near the beginning of part three, I have already (momentarily) quite thrown in the sponge. Balzac spends several pages explaining to the readers of his own time the difference between *l'inculpé, le prévenu, l'accusé* and *le détenu* as successive stages in the evolution of a suspected, charged, tried and possibly convicted man, together with his progressive confinement in *maisons d'arrêt, maisons de justice,* and *maisons de détention*. He explicitly recognises that his audience will contain not only

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ignorant Parisians and French provincials but foreigners, and so there is some excuse for letting the words stands in French, though to decide that he will do this is enough to bring a sweat to the forehead of any conscientious translator. Having explained the words, it may be said, Balzac then largely abandons them in favour of others which he does not explain. In practice, this is something of a relief, though *la pistole* and *le bagne* are not quite child's play. For *le secret,* "solitary confinement" will perhaps do, but then in part four the word *secret* begins to mean hidden loot.

THE READER MAY REMEMBER that I have already translated part four. This part is called "The Last Incarnation of Vautrin." After the suicide in prison of Lucien de Rubempré, Jacques Collin, the ex-convict disguised (it may be recalled) as a Spanish priest and at one time known as M. Vautrin, contrives to get himself appointed head of the Sûreté, as the real-life Vidocq had done long before the fictional date, which is 1830. During the course of this manoeuvre, he is turned out into the prison yard among men whom he had known at the *bagne* in Toulon and who believe with reason that he has robbed them of funds in the outside world for which he was their trustee. The scenes in which he regains their confidence and re-establishes his ascendancy over them are conducted largely in underworld *argot*, upon which Balzac further expatiates in general terms for the benefit of his readers.

There has always been an English thieves' cant or slang. The English common reader meets it in Fielding, though some of it was already found among the Elizabethans, and some oddly survives as schoolgirl or Mayfair affectation, while some is also regarded as regional or of recent American origin. Disappointingly little of it gets into Dickens. Balzac himself was no real authority on the subject, which could be quickly read up from glossaries published in his time, notably that appended to one of the volumes of Vidocq apocrypha, *Les Voleurs*. We know that Balzac was personally acquainted with Vidocq, as also that he had helped to ghost the memoirs of the elder Sanson, the public executioner. Not all Balzac's forms can be traced to their sources, however, and some of them suggest that he had misunderstood what he had read and heard or that he presumed upon the ignorance of his readers.

The characteristic vocabulary contains both unusual words and familiar words used unusually. The best thing to do with familiar words in odd senses seemed to be to translate them literally. These old lags call a priest a *sanglier,* refer to the Attorney-General's office

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or the A.-G. himself as *la Cigogne* and call the scaffold, where many of them will be *fauchés* or *raccourcis, l'abbaye de Monte-à-Regret* or *de Monte-à-Rebours*. I can see no good reason why, astonished to see Dodgedeath got up as a wild boar, they should not tell him of their expectation that the Stork would send them to the Abbey of Mount Unwilling to be, say, sliced or topped rather than scythed or shortened. Not that word-for-word literalness is often to be commended. When, a few years ago, President de Gaulle spoke of *la paix des braves,* we got it as "the peace of brave men," for instance. Not a single London newspaper office hit on the fact that what he meant was burying the hatchet, the braves he had in mind being those to be met with in the works of James Fenimore Cooper.

With the unusual words a comparative linguist might spend many a happy hour. All that the translator needs to know is what they mean, and then he must find some equivalent in the slang of his own language, preferably slang of the period. It was disappointing to find so few international or, rather, interlingual phonemes. The only one, really, was "dab." In the very idea of mastery, the notions of cleverness and authority are blended. English "dab" (as in "dab hand") has tended towards the side of cleverness. The same word in French has veered towards authority. Acknowledged as *le Dab*, or even, with tears in the eyes, as *mon Dab,* Jacques Collin is boss among the swell mob, the *haute pègre*. But, indeed, in Vidocq, the word is glossed as *roi, reine*. I know of no English homophone or near-homophone even remotely equivalent to *largue* as a mobsman's moll or moppet or to the *mec* which in present-day French is more or less "bloke" but which in Balzac's time, as *le Meg des megs*, comes to mean God, the Big Man, the Bloke, we might say, of blokes, including, I should like to think, translators.

For translation is not much less difficult than crime. Surfacing briefly, I shall, if I may, offer two generalisations about it. First, it is a two-fold activity. To begin with, you translate from a foreign language; then you translate into another language, which had better be your own, for your command of the language into which you translate is more important than your command of the foreign language. With difficulties in this you can enlist help, which you cannot to any large extent with your own language. My second generalisation goes as follows. Translation is more difficult than original writing. All writing is translation, but when you are merely translating what is in your head you can cheat. True, you must first have something in your head.

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The Problem of Mosley

Why a Fascist Failed — By ROBERT SKIDELSKY

IN A SENSE the life of Sir Oswald Mosley[1] can be seen simply as a personal tragedy. A man of brilliant gifts was ruined by fatal flaws of character. There is little to be said except pay a tribute to his qualities, describe his failings, indulge in a little psychologising and speculating on what might have been, and pass on to more serious matters. Yet the uncomfortable feeling remains that this is not the whole story—though it is undoubtedly a considerable part of it. Why, after all, was the political system *not* prepared to adopt his unemployment policy in 1930–31? Why, in particular, did the radical party shrink from the only measures that would have enabled it to fulfil its pledges to those who voted for it? The question becomes even more puzzling when we recall that not just Mosley but *anyone* with ideas, courage, and energy, was excluded from power or influence in the inter-war years. The roll-call of the neglected and the discarded includes the three most distinguished names in 20th-century British public life—Lloyd George, Churchill, and Keynes. It is true that they all made mistakes: Lloyd George cheated over peerages, Churchill went wild over the General Strike and India, Keynes stood convicted of intellectual arrogance. Yet the fact remains that each had a unique contribution to make, not only to the saving of millions of lives in this country from the wastage and horror of unemployment, but also to the saving of Europe from the much greater horror of another war. They were denied the opportunity, and even today well over half the people alive in England must be the poorer in health, wealth, experience and memory because of it—not to mention those who are dead.

Were these men excluded for their faults or for their virtues? The answer, surely, is that the two are inseparable. Great men usually have great faults: this is what makes them dangerous. But that is no reason for not using them, provided they can be subject to control, for they can achieve things beyond the power of lesser mortals. The real question posed by Mosley's life, particularly in his Fascist phase, is whether it is possible to liberate the dynamic forces in individuals or groups and at the same time preserve a civilised framework of public life.

This dilemma is by no means spurious or irrelevant. Energy is fundamentally amoral. It is no counter of heads, or respecter of rights; it despises weakness and passivity. It can certainly be attached to moral objectives, but need not be. In any case, it is rarely associated with moral behaviour. The civilised régime deliberately seeks to dampen the fires of public energy for fear of the damage they might do to the social fabric. Yet the civilised régime, too, has a serious flaw. In Raymond Aron's words "such régimes are capable, not of committing monstrous actions, but of passively suffering the consequences of monstrous phenomena"[2]—for example, the world economic depression of 1929–1933. This is because they are by nature conservative, slow-moving, and small-thinking. Because they fear men eager to master great challenges, they are run by the mediocre and the timid—men incapable of doing great harm (except by neglect), but incapable of doing great good either. Moreover, such mandates as they might obtain from the electorate are largely undermined by the excessive influence they allow to what David Riesman has called the "veto-groups"—strategically placed lobbies or pressure groups without effective power to initiate action, but in an excellent position to stop anything being done inimical to their interests.[3] Such régimes suffer from a paralysis of executive power which can become dangerous in any situation where big choices are called for—as is arguably the case in Britain today over such questions as Europe, Race, and the system of government itself.

The problem of injecting a new vitality into the British system Mosley saw essentially as a cultural one. British politics was a closed cultural system, dominated by habits of mind, spirit, and conduct, which in his view no longer had much relation to the "harsh necessities of this age"—an age dominated by an unprece-

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[1] *My Life*. By SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. Nelson, 70s.

[2] Raymond Aron, *Democracy and Totalitarianism* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1968), p. 103.

[3] David Riesman, *The Lonely Crowd* (1961 ed.) p. 213 f.

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dented rate of technical and cultural change. It attracted and produced a type of man "to whom action has become impossible." Mosley was not part of that culture. Nor, for that matter, were Lloyd George and Churchill. This may help to explain why all three saw certain things more clearly than their political contemporaries—and why they were hated for doing so.

IN HIS MEMOIRS, Mosley writes of "three very diverse experiences which wove me into the warp and woof of English life." The first was his family background. He sprang from a family of landed gentry who traced their ancestry back to King John. Of his grandfather who dominated his early years he writes, "His type and being were rooted in English soil." Life had changed little at Rolleson, the Mosley Staffordshire seat, over the centuries. It was "remote from the world, a remarkable, feudal, survival." The economy was "practically self-contained." In true feudal fashion "the warmest and most intimate friendships" developed between landlord and estate worker. "This was really a classless society."

In his political life Mosley took the "One Nation" ideal completely seriously. For the "bourgeois Tory mind with its crude class divisions of the cities" he had little time. To the charge levelled against him by the Tories of being a class traitor "my reply was simple: it is you, not I who betray our very English heritage, when you take the part of reaction against the people!" The Whig aristocrats had pioneered the major reforms of the 19th century. In the Labour Party, too, the aristocrats "were a great disappointment to MacDonald . . . they at once joined the Left." The great enemy was the bourgeoisie. MacDonald had fallen victim not to the aristocratic, but to the middle class, embrace.

Another legacy of his early upbringing is what Mosley describes as the "Cavalier attitude to life." In the 17th century the Mosleys were prominently identified with the Royalist cause and in the 18th century were intriguing for the Young Pretender—"a romantic tradition of opposition and insurgence" which, as Mosley writes, was transformed into the Whig gravity of the 19th century. But that was about as far as the Mosleys got to modern England. Nor was the transition complete. The reckless, Cavalier strain remained, especially in personal life. Of his mother's family he writes, "They were by nature much more respectable than the Mosleys, who always rather shocked them . . . they had not the complete freedom from inhibitions which was a characteristic of many Mosley." Indeed, if the Puritan approach to life can be summed up (in Reich's phrase) as a "holding back," Mosley's was the exact antithesis. The young men of his class and generation "rushed towards life with arms outstretched to embrace the sunshine, and even the darkness, the light and shade which is the essence of existence, every varied enchantment of a glittering, wonderful world; a life rush, to be consummated."

The strong flavour which emerges from these passages on his childhood of an aristocracy and a working class united, not only by feudal relationships, but, as Lord Randolph Churchill only half-flippantly observed, "in the indissoluble bonds of a common immorality," has little connection with Victorian England, in which a rhetoric of high seriousness concealed the reality of an industrial exploitation inexorably compelling the masses to organise in their self-defence.

If Mosley took his healing vision from the aristocracy he took from the Army a method of organisation and a "certain attitude to manhood." From Winchester, Mosley had gone to Sandhurst; he fought bravely in the First World War, both as a volunteer in the infant Flying Corps, and later in the trenches, before being invalided out in 1916. Mosley was greatly attracted by the "collective character of regiments," by the combination of discipline and trust which made possible their great achievements; a combination which might yet be adapted to peaceful purposes when the "noble inspirations" used for war might be released for "creative achievement." Mosley brought to politics a definite military attitude. His most memorable remark—on Labour's performance in 1931—is a military one: "What would we think of a Salvation Army that took to its heels on the Day of Judgment?" He set out to create an Army that would not run away, that would inculcate "that sense of belonging to an *élite* of service and achievement" which he had found in the Army—an ideal which naturally attracted very much the same sort of recruit. "Around me," he recalls of his political army, "were men wearing every medal for gallantry the army has to offer. . . . They seemed to appear from nowhere, from the limbo into which Britain all too often casts those who have served it well." For Mosley, the BUF was really a regiment—under his command. It provided "the most complete companionship I have ever known." He "reverted to type and lived in the spirit of the professional army where I began." Of the decision to put his men into uniform, he writes, "The old soldier in me got the better of the politician." It is not a bad summary of his political career.

His morality, too, is very much the morality

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of an army officer. A political commentator in 1931 described him as a "Mussolini tempered by the decencies of Sandhurst." Honour, chivalry, respect for a brave foe, fighting with the "good clean English fist" are ideas that frequently crop up in this book. Hitler's genocide programme ran contrary to "the instinct of brave men . . . that you cannot kill helpless prisoners"; the same reaction prompted his early political campaigns against the Black and Tans and General Dyer's Amritsar massacre in 1919. Mosley cannot be called an amoralist: but it must be confessed that his morality has little to do with the Christian ethic or any belief in the brotherhood of man. It may be described as an intense loyalty and compassion to members of his own group, community, or "culture"; coupled with a relative indifference to the fate of outsiders. As to his commitment always to "fight clean," one can only say that to many observers it seemed to be more evident in the breach than in the observance.

IF MOSLEY TOOK HIS IDEAL from the aristocracy and his disciplined method from the army, it was to the working class that he looked to provide the energy for its realisation. "It was," he writes, "the dynamism of the Labour Party at that time which really attracted me, and this came mostly from the rank and file." For Mosley the working class was a regenerative force because it was uncontaminated by the political and personal inhibitions of the bourgeoisie. The two main centres of energy he found on the Clydeside and among the miners. He worked closely with the Clydeside leaders, who showed a "real impulse of vital feeling." Of John Wheatley, he writes, "he was the only man of Lenin quality the English Left ever produced." He admired the "blaring bands and flaunting banners" of the Durham miners' galas, symbols "then anathema to the shy middle class with its . . . inhibitions"; the "gay panache" of the East Londoners. A. J. Cook, the demagogic miners' leader, he regards as "a real product of England if ever there was one." Mosley's identification with the working class was an active one. "Every night," he recalls of his Labour Party speaking tours, "was passed in the house of a different member, nearly all manual workers. . . . The wife cooked and looked after us, gave the very best they had, and I have never been better cared for and made to feel more warmly welcome and accepted." In return, Mosley flung himself wholeheartedly on to the workers' side in the General Strike (which he nevertheless considered was a mistake), and was rewarded with considerable rank-and-file support. Indeed, he is the only major leader of the Labour Left who has had a strong union

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base—among the miners—though the bourgeois union leaders mistrusted him as an unsound intellectual.

The working class may well be uncontaminated by the political inhibitions of the bourgeois mind; large sections of it are singularly free likewise from bourgeois standards of public morality and respect for the rights of others that go with them. Mosley gradually added to his championing of working-class rights, a championing of working-class prejudices as well—against the Jews in the East End in the 1930s, against the coloured immigrants in the 1950s. These stands cannot be fully explained by considerations of *realpolitik*. Essentially they arose from the same feeling of sympathy for the *English* underdog that led him into the Labour Party in 1924, the feeling that the "goody-goodies," as Churchill called them, were prepared to put every interest above that of their fellow-countrymen; though the psychological pressure on the orator to say things that he knows will stir his audiences cannot be ignored. Today, with the elimination of overt economic oppression, it would appear that racial questions are the only ones capable of radicalising the working class. The long-term implications of this are not at all comforting. It would indeed be ironic and tragic if the British ruling class should have finally succeeded in creating what they have always tried to avoid—a "know-nothing" proletarian party, chauvinist and racialist in outlook; and proving Mosley to be a precursor in this sphere, as in so many others.

ABSENT FROM MOSLEY'S ACCOUNT of the "warp and woof" of English life is any mention of the public schools, universities (he did not go to one), civil service, trade union or local government organisations, the legal profession, industry and finance: the great seminaries of the English governing *élites*, bastions of civic middle-class culture. This omission justifies the frequent view of Mosley as an alien politician—"alien," that is, to the dominant political culture of his time, no longer nourished from the soil from which Mosley sprang. A hundred years ago, Bagehot discerned the underlying truth, then still obscured behind an aristocratic façade, that it was the middle classes who wielded "the despotic power in England"; that what passed for public opinion was the opinion of the "heavily sensible class—the last people in the world to whom, if they were drawn up in a row, an immense nation would ever give an exclusive preference."[4] It was this

[4] *The English Constitution* (1867; Fontana ed. 1963), pp. 247–8.

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class that gave to the "fickle and protean" England of Tudor times[5] its recognisably modern (though no longer contemporary) shape and flavour—serious, sound, and sanctimonious. Its virtues were worthy and mediocre rather than exciting, but it gave to English public life its "rules of the game"—a civilised framework of public life which shielded it from the excesses of the Continent. Mosley was not part of this England. He spurned it, and it rejected him. Like so many activists, he looked to the losers rather than to the winners of the 19th-century social struggle to restore a lost heritage of dynamism and greatness.

I do not wish to imply that Mosley can be explained—or explained away—by his class background. A county background still produces many slightly choleric Tory squires, whose "One Nation" thinking scarcely goes beyond the boundaries of their rural retreats. Able Sandhurst products become generals, not politicians. Certain personal qualities and one decisive circumstance carried Mosley to a leading position in English politics. The qualities were a powerful mind, a gift of eloquence, and an enormous energy. The decisive circumstance was the First World War. It was the war that turned his attention to politics. The war-time state had given him some inkling of the possibilities of social organisation. It was easy for gallant officers to pick up parliamentary seats. The party battle was temporarily suspended. Above all, the catastrophic slaughter of the war gave him a strong sense of mission: to ensure that war never happened again, to build "a land fit for heroes."

It was this mixture of social idealism and raw intellectual energy, grafted on to a squirearchical-military stem, that produced the explosive phenomenon of Mosley the politician. The difficulties of classifying him emerge in some of the encomiums reproduced in this book: "could well have been either Conservative or Labour Prime Minister," etc. In the space of ten years Mosley moved from Unionist to Independent to Labour and finally to Fascist, virtually taking in the Liberal Party on the way. His policies combined causes dear to the heart of progress with causes dear to the heart of reaction. "The most irrational antithesis of our time," he writes, "always seemed to me to be the conflict between the progress of the Left and the stability of the Right. . . . My programme cut right across it. . . . Progress was impossible without stability, and stability was impossible without progress."

Nor do alternative classifications along a

[5] The phrase is Max Nicholson's in *The System* (1967), p. 34.

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"tough-minded—tender-minded" axis help very much. Many of Mosley's political attitudes, Left or Right, were certainly "tough-minded": on the other hand, he has been a pacifist in international relations and a libertarian over personal questions. He was neither an honest Tory with old-fashioned prejudices, nor an honest Liberal with new-fashioned ones.

Nor is it easier to fit his methods into a recognisable syndrome. He combined the most gentlemanly behaviour in private with very ungentlemanly conduct in public; the methods of reasoned argument with those of demagoguery—"the high road" and the "low road" as one commentator remarked of his 1959 North Kensington election campaign. I am not saying that these contrasts cannot be logically or emotionally reconciled, or that history would not yield many examples of similar ideological and temperamental syndromes. The fact nevertheless remains that Mosley is not a contemporary English political type. It is as if a character from the 16th or 17th century had suddenly been transported into the modern English world, with a mission to make his mark upon it. "The great secret," Mosley writes, "is to be in the rhythm of your age." As far as the English political classes were concerned, Mosley certainly was not. He disturbed their rhythm, with its muted oscillations. He was both too old-fashioned and too advanced at the same time.

Nevertheless, this ideological and temperamental remoteness from the modern world did have certain definite advantages. The essence of creativity is the ability to see familiar phenomena in new combinations and juxtapositions, to approach the raw material of life with an imagination unencumbered by stale images or conventional categories. It is no coincidence that the universities have not produced a single creative politician in the last hundred years: Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Mosley—none of them were university men. What they all had in common was a sense or intuition that the world was not quite as their contemporaries saw it. They were sensitive to certain important currents of their time which escaped those trained to think in a certain way. Chamberlain saw that the Free Trade world of 19th-century liberalism was dying. Lloyd George saw that the social question had destroyed the rationale of *laissez-faire* at home. Churchill saw with a terrible prescience the coming struggle between

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England and Germany. The sources of these profound intuitions vary. Churchill's was derived from history; Joseph Chamberlain and Lloyd George knew no history: they were hyper-sensitive to the vibrations of the external world. Mosley, too, heard the distant hoofbeat of history. Again, it is difficult to say from where. He was not a historical generaliser like Churchill; he knows history, but his vision is not derived from it; it is brought in to support conclusions reached quite independently of it. Nor was his attitude to life formed by ideas: he admired Shaw, Nietzsche, Goethe, Keynes; he studied the great men of action; but all they did was to provide words or illustrations for what he already felt to be true. Mosley learnt whatever he knew "from life," not from books. He absorbed from it what was necessary to the fulfilment of his own nature. His mind was uncluttered by intellectual luggage. This was a great strength—and weakness. It enabled him to focus on many of the right questions: it also made him blind to many others which should have been weighed in the balance.

The most notable aspect of Mosley's thinking is the entire absence of any "isms." This is not to say that he didn't have strong attitudes to life, that there were not certain things he passionately wanted to do. But he did not view the world through the intellectual constructs which dominated the minds of his political contemporaries. Of the Free Trade Protection debate he writes: "My approach to it was purely pragmatic. Whether you had one system or not was a question of circumstance. If it was raining you needed an umbrella, if the sun was shining, you did not." It was as if a 4th-century church leader had proclaimed his indifference to the Athanasian-Arian controversy! Similarly, he was untouched by the other great contemporary debate, between socialism and *laissez-faire* capitalism. He regarded these questions as questions of means rather than ends. The same attitude marked his approach to parties: were they or were they not effective instruments for doing what had to be done? In the *Sunday Chronicle* (23 July 1933) he wrote, revealingly, "We were right to give Socialism a chance. We were also right, when the Labour Party failed, to abandon the old party system. . . ." Nothing could be more indicative of his approach than this view of the instrumentality of ideas and movements. How different from Keynes who in the *General Theory* describes his long struggle to "escape from habitual modes of thought and expression." Mosley's habitual modes of thought and expression were non-political, for he was not a child of the political culture. That is why he did not have to divest himself of them before he could begin to think creatively about politics.

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His capacity to discern important shifts in reality ahead of his contemporaries is indeed impressive. In the 1920s Mosley sensed that the economic debate between *laissez-faire* capitalism and bureaucratic socialism was irrelevant. He discerned that demand rather than distribution was the overriding problem of Western society at that time. Hence he was able to focus his energy on the unemployment problem, and emerge, well ahead of his time, as the prophet of a "managed capitalism." This is not all. A visit to America convinced him that modern techniques of mass production had destroyed the basis of small-scale, national economies. It followed that Britain had to enter into a larger economic system. In the 1930s that system was the Empire; by 1947 he was urging that Britain take the lead in creating a united Europe. In the 1930s he saw that any major European war must result in the division of Europe into American and Russian spheres of influence, thus destroying the possibility of its independent development. He was probably wrong in thinking that a war could have been averted on any terms consistent with England's safety and independence; but he was right in foreseeing its consequences, and right—it seems to me—in the conclusion which he drew from it that the old world must unite to redress the balance of the new. He saw again that the existing English system of government and politics seriously inhibited the adaptations England needed to make to new circumstances—a view which is once more on the verge of serious discussions—though he was certainly wrong in seeing Fascism as the "modern" answer to the problem.

These perceptions were extremely unwelcome to the Establishment. Mosley's success in thinking up good policies was matched by his inability to get them adopted. English political life over the last 50 years has not lacked in ideas. The English have continued to produce good ideas, like good inventions. The trouble is that more often than not they are adopted abroad rather than at home. Keynes' economic policies were tried in many countries before England got round to using them; Liddell Hart's chief disciple was the German General Guderian. It is not enough to explain the failure to use good ideas simply by the inertia of institutions. Some institutions are more inert or unreceptive than others. Why is it that the forces of "conventional wisdom" in this country have become so strongly entrenched? Or put another way, why is it that the energising, vital, forces, have become so attenuated?

Mosley's explanation is rather uneven. He recognises the largely unacknowledged hold of certain powerful ideas—particularly the idea of

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internationalism which, as he remarks, makes British socialism a *de facto* ally of finance capitalism—but does not really pursue this line much further. He is alive to certain defects in the machinery of government and has, at different times, proposed changes—smaller Cabinets, reorganisation of the departments, speeding up parliamentary procedure—which have also been canvassed by many others. Of the civil service he has a surprisingly high opinion, blaming most of its alleged failings on the incompetence of its political chiefs.

It is indeed on what he considers to be the psychological failure of the political class that he directs his main attack. Here he plunges somewhat rashly into Freudian explanations—though denying them any validity for an understanding of his own character. The attitude of political "negation" which Keynes criticised in 1930 he identifies with the "catastrophe of Puritanism." He traces a link between personal inhibition, derived from a Puritan upbringing, and public inhibition characterised by a negative response to big challenges. Thus he identifies public failures with failures of Puritan, middle-class culture. He contrasts this with the amoral energy of a Lloyd George, an energy which the civilised political groups viewed as threatening and disruptive, just as society feels threatened by breaches of its sexual and moral codes. Yet it was Lloyd George, he writes, who "in tragic paradox" might have realised the "fine ideals" of the class that feared him. "His faults were obvious . . . what did they matter in comparison with his extraordinary capacity to get things done, if he were under the right influence, aimed in the right direction? They should have forgiven Lloyd George's minor faults, and embraced his genius to use it for fine ends." No doubt he had himself very much in mind when he wrote this passage.

This account, especially in its implication that somehow political energy is associated with sexual freedom, is unsatisfactory as it stands. The "inner-directed" Puritan is usually considered capable of great achievement precisely *because* his energy has been diverted from instinctual gratification to the "tasks of life." Repression is the spur to achievement, not a hindrance to it, by permitting the concentration of energy on one object, rather than allowing it to be dispersed over many. Mosley would be on much firmer ground, in my view, if he made a distinction between the Puritan culture at its zenith, which equipped its leaders with a superb self-confidence, and the Puritan culture in its decline, which riddles them with self-doubts. It is this decline which is probably the

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chief explanation of the humbug which he finds such a characteristic feature of the current political scene: something which arises when real commitment has become a cliché, no longer believed in, but somehow too painful to abandon. In this sense, no doubt, MacDonald, Baldwin, Hoare, Simon and all the dreadful "old gangs" of the 1920s and 1930s were "whited sepulchres" as Mosley claims; not because they were sexually repressed, but because they lacked inner conviction.

Mosley could have done with some good old-fashioned Puritan self-discipline in his own life. I very much doubt whether he would ever have been a very successful party leader, though he might, under suitable circumstances, have been an extraordinary Prime Minister. What he had to do above all else was to avoid discrediting himself beyond repair. A "reputable" Mosley might have been able to swing British opinion behind Europe in the 1950s, to play Jo Chamberlain to Macmillan's Balfour. Yet discredited he did become through a series of misjudgments that deprived him of any chance of serving his country. It was largely a matter of temperament. Although Mosley likes to picture himself as a model of "cool determination" and "icy realism" he was in fact a hot-head who time and again ruined his chances by rash action. One commentator has noted perceptively: "His defects are those of a cavalry officer under a temperamental compulsion to charge." In this he resembles his Cavalier ancestors. He was a Prince Rupert rather than an Oliver Cromwell.

THIS, I AM CONVINCED, is the right way to view Mosley's actions in the 1930s and afterwards. He was by instinct a fighter, not a Machiavellian, for no Machiavellian would ever have been so unsuccessful. Moreover, he was a fighter who had only one response: *Charge!* "We shall win; or we shall return upon our shields," he cried in 1931—not just to encourage his troops, but because he felt that way. He describes a number of disputes with fellow cadets at Sandhurst, generally ending with Mosley challenging his opponent to a fight. He says he was "already becoming too adult for that sort of thing." This judgment is not borne out by his political career which, from its earliest days, was marked by an extreme pugnacity, by a wounding invective, by an over-reaction to slights and insults (real and imagined) and in general, by a method of controversy that polarised opinion. Whereas many of Mosley's ideas, though revolutionary in terms of the British political culture, were ideas of the centre, capable of winning wide and distinguished "moderate" support, his methods were those of the extreme, gradually alienating those who would gladly have worked with him, but who were not prepared to stomach the "Biff Boy" elements which he increasingly considered necessary to his crusade. One can overdraw this picture, for on occasion—as in his resignation of 1930—Mosley was capable of behaving with tact and decorum. Throughout 1930 in fact we see him at his very best, with his concern for the unemployed conveyed in speeches and arguments remorseless in their logic, dignified in their expression, and passionate in their feeling. But he was incapable of holding this, admittedly difficult, balance for any length of time. The demonic urge for action *at all costs* gripped him. The politics of self-discipline gave way to the politics of self-expression, with results fatal to his career and the causes for which he stood.

And yet a lingering doubt remains. Given the English political system, could that balance between creative thought and civilised political behaviour ever have been maintained for long by someone who actually wanted to get things done, rather than wait for history's verdict? Is civilised political behaviour always the supreme virtue? Was it not worth dislocating the civilised routines of British politics to cure mass unemployment? Most people would rightly accept a certain level of economic suffering in preference to a Fascist or Communist dictatorship. But what about a temporary parliamentary dictatorship of the kind Lloyd George and Churchill exercised in war—and headed by similar people? Would that not in fact have been the answer? Was this not the only method which would have enabled radical solutions to be applied in a political framework that remained recognisably civilised and humane?

For Mosley's Fascist career is an illustration of what happens when such a common-sense solution is denied by a political system. The creative thinking is separated from the civilised political framework in which it can find no expression. That framework comes to be seen not as a necessary defence against excess, but as an impediment to action of any kind. Not only are the particular policies of the "old gangs" repudiated, but also the whole political environment in which they operate. If the distress is great enough, whole sections of the population are shifted from their stable and relatively "safe" political moorings and become mobilised into radical movements. In this way radical ideas which in themselves offer no threat to civilised political behaviour become attached to social forces and methods which do. A perfectly reputable case against international finance degenerates into an anti-Semitic one; a nationalist case into a racialist one, and so on. The radicalisation of one section produces a parallel radicalisation of the other, and the politics of violence and villains comes to replace the politics of reason.

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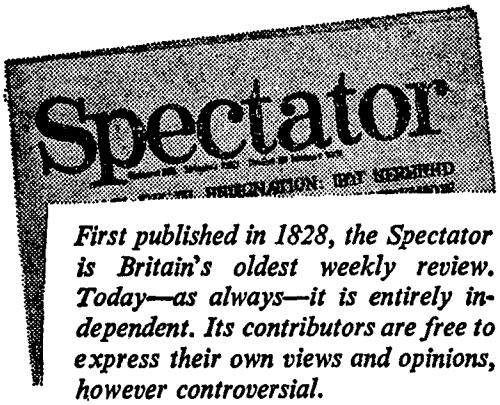

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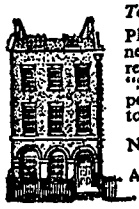

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This is what happened on the fringes of English politics in the 1930s and it might easily have spread had war, and the preparation for war, not supervened.

By all means, then, let us blame Mosley and give full weight to all the temperamental traits that led him to his dismal present. But this no more disposes of the problem posed by his life than does the "betrayal" of Ramsay MacDonald dispose of the problem of Labour's failure in 1929–1931. In both cases we have to deal not just with the faults of men but with the faults of the systems they tried, and failed, to work. Only with that extra dimension does the story of Mosley become fully comprehensible.

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LETTERS

Nietzsche, Syphilis, & Vulgarity

MR. NEFASTUS DIES has accused me [ENCOUNTER, April] of ignoring the medical evidence about Nietzsche's madness in suggesting that it was in some way the outcome of his thought; but I am not as adventurous as he thinks. For tertiary syphilis—if indeed Nietzsche's illness was the result of syphilitic infection—may explain his insanity; but if Mr. Dies, for example, became syphilitic I doubt if the approach of insanity would be as illuminated by the gleams of self-deifying genius as Nietzsche's was. What needs to be explained—and is not explained at all by citing medical evidence—is the particular intellectual content of incipient insanity in Nietzsche, and this is what I was concerned with.

Mr. Walter Kaufmann is admirable as an editor of Nietzsche, but mediocre as a practitioner of invective ["Nietzsche as Scapegoat," ENCOUNTER, July]. Let me assure him that our disagreement is not entirely what he thinks it is. I accept in very large part Mr. Kaufmann's interpretation of the *Übermensch*; it is the concept of the *Übermensch* thus understood that I find tedious, vulgar, and banal. That Mr. Kaufmann feels free to so largely ignore what I wrote and instead to speculate abusively about my motives reinforces my view that we do not differ very much over the interpretation of Nietzsche but a great deal in our ability to recognise vulgarity.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

University of Essex

"Progressivism as a Reactionary Utopia"

IN HIS THIRD paragraph, Mr. Maurice Ash [ENCOUNTER, August] challenges me on a point of fact, and questions my professional integrity. I find this astonishing, for anyone who looks up pages 36–38 in Mr. Ash's book will find that my review [ENCOUNTER, May] is completely accurate.

On page 36 Mr. Ash tells us that at the Dartington Colloquy Kenneth Barnes turned the tables on conventional arguments, and denied that progressive schools "were in some way a preparation for an ideal world, the world in which all conflict would be resolved." These words are followed by a full-page transcript of Mr. Barnes' elaboration of his argument. After this comes this commentary by Mr. Ash, from which I quote:

> "In speaking thus, Kenneth Barnes was, as in honesty bound, even adding to the confusion of the scene. For not only were the old progressives finding themselves at odds with the new progressives at the Dartington Colloquy but among them-

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selves there were undercurrents of unresolved disagreements. Many a proponent of Progressive Education, for instance, would find it hard to renounce the thought that, somewhere, that form of education was the precursor of a better world, a world of 'sanity,' in which all conflict would be solved. Historically, as Hu Child pointed out, the progressive schools have conducted their affairs on the principle of co-operation rather than of competition (whether of marks or honours). To some, it is probably true to say, this principle has come to assume a key significance, foreshadowing a new kind of world such as only Progressive Education could bring about. To others, it has probably remained of no more importance than as a device for saving the individual child from the social oppressions endemic in orthodox education. Undoubtedly, the representatives of progressive schools at the Dartington Colloquy were handicapped by their own diversity of view in face of the uniform egalitarian attitude of the new progressives. This confusion in their ranks, moreover, is clearly carried over into the wider world, and is made evident in their inability to speak with one voice in face of common dangers."

In other words, this issue *was* discussed at Dartington, and according to Mr. Ash it was central to their debates. In my review I pointed out that the Dartington representatives "all disagreed completely about what 'progressivism' means."

Attacks on our *Black Paper on Education* have repeatedly moved in this way from inaccuracy to personal abuse.

C. B. Cox

University of Manchester

David Astor & the German Opposition

Pro et Contra (continued)

I HAVE READ DAVID ASTOR'S ARTICLE on Adam von Trott and the German Opposition to Hitler [ENCOUNTER, June] with great and absorbed interest, especially as quite recently I was able, as translator and reader, to assist Mr. Christopher Sykes while he was writing his *Troubled Loyalty*. This gave me a welcome opportunity for widening such knowledge of the subject as I had acquired here during the war and at Nuremberg after it, since the literature, mostly German, that has been published by scholars and survivors in, say, the last five years, is considerable and often fascinating. I fully agree with Mr. Astor that the time has come to tell the whole story, *sine ira ac studio*, from both sides of the hill. It will be a formidable task.

However, to my sincere regret I am unable to agree with some of Mr. Astor's basic assumptions and conclusions. He tells us, for example, that Mr. Sykes has distorted to the point of travesty the Trott whom his fellow-conspirators inside Nazi Germany experienced and that, secondly, Sir John Wheeler-Bennett almost basely abandoned Trott despite earlier encouragement and friendship. Mr. Astor thinks that in this negative and falsely critical attitude to Trott these two eminent British experts enabled other scholars to glide over the embarrassment caused by the failure "to respond to approaches [by the German opposition] which can *now* be seen to have deserved some response." My italics, for now is the key word here.

Could it have been seen at the time? Space forbids me to go into the question of what kind of impression Trott left behind, after his visits in 1939 to London and Cliveden, with those who were not personal friends. It is perhaps not difficult to understand that at a time when opinion and feeling in this country were turning so strongly against the government's cautious and appeasing foreign policy, Trott being vouched for by so ambiguous a "liberal" as the late Lord Lothian can scarcely have inspired with confidence those who were concerned with strengthening the country's powers of resistance.

Yet, Trott's not fortunate début as an anti-Nazi in England and America in 1939–40 need not have been a fatal handicap. Broadly speaking, the tasks of a civilian conspirator from 1940 onwards consisted in preparing with others the ground for Hitler's overthrow and take-over by a decent and responsible government, while it was left to the army, to a handful of non-Nazi top Generals to deliver the blow that would rid the German *Reich* of Hitler and his gang. Like Mr. Astor, I found Professor Harold Deutsch's *The Conspiracy against Hitler in the Twilight War* (Oxford, 1968) a most important book, perhaps the most important study so far written on the German Opposition. What does it tell us about the role played by a key figure in the conspiracy, General Halder, at the time Army Chief of Staff? Professor Deutsch calls him a military weather vane. Once the decision to invade Poland had become irrevocable, Halder thought that after a military set-back, such as Allied air raids on the Ruhr, the time would be ripe for the anti-Hitler coup. When Poland was conquered and the "administration" of the country turned over to the *SS* and *SD*, while *Wehrmacht* divisions and commanders were being transferred to Germany's Western frontiers, Halder, greatly impressed by the "imposing German military posture" in the West, foresaw a series of "really great successes' in the forthcoming Western campaign (Deutsch, p. 274). His set-back theory now turned into its opposite and he thought that once Germany had

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been victorious in the West, the Wehrmacht would be strong enough to deal with the Hitler régime at home.

Although this type of trimming without a compass drastically diminished Halder's value as an oppositional key figure, it was by no means the worst flaw in his make-up. What finishes Halder, and a good many of his fellow-Generals in the Nazi state, is another item of information given by the scrupulously fair and sympathetic Professor Deutsch. As Himmler and Heydrich moved into Poland with their murder squads, Halder was being spontaneously provided by nauseated German soldiers and officers with documentary evidence—memoranda by eye witnesses, photographs, statistics, even films—that proved beyond doubt the full horrors of Nazi policy—murder, plunder, war on women and children, liquidating whole racial groups and social classes. Halder said afterwards that for weeks he had a loaded revolver in his pocket and death in his heart whenever he went to see Hitler on official business, but finally decided that "as a soldier and a Christian" he could not bring himself to "shoot down an unarmed man." As the great build-up in the West went on, Halder said to other conspirators things like "One does not rebel when standing with one's nose before the enemy—it conflicts with tradition"; "reports on Polish atrocities have been exaggerated"; "one must allow Hitler this last chance to save Germany from British capitalism"; and other statements of the kind. This at a time when, as Halder knew, an intrepid group of Roman Catholic oppositionists were, through the Vatican, in touch with the British Minister there; Pope Pius XII virtually violated Vatican neutrality to get the two enemy powers talking to each other. As Hitler made ready to conquer further foreign territories for subjection to his party formations, the most that could be said of Halder is that, in so far as he was approachable at all to members of the opposition, he simply passed the "kill Hitler" buck to others.

When finally one bears in mind that on 8 November 1939, there occured the Venlo incident at the German-Dutch border during which two British Intelligence men were captured by the *Gestapo* on Dutch soil after having been lured there by a cleverly faked German Freedom Radio Station so that a trusting British government became a laughing stock; when to this one adds the failure of the Vatican negotiations with Sir Francis d'Arcy Osborne, the failure being so largely due to weathervane Halder, one is, at least up to the time when Russia was attacked, unable to see how on the British side of the hill much hope could be entertained of getting rid of Hitler with the help of the German military and political sword. And non-Nazi German generals were, of course, among the trump cards Trott had to play during his risky and courageous missions abroad.

A second weakness of his whole position impeded his success as a war-time emissary to Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey (where he pinned his faith on Papen) and elsewhere. This was his conviction, often expressed, that Nazism was in its root not a German, but a European malaise. While men like Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Helmut von Moltke, as Germans (though not "Greater Germans") in war-time Germany most movingly expressed their abhorrence of the whole Nazi apparatus at a depth that transcended merely political solutions and, under the impact of the Polish abominations, General Stieff wrote "I am ashamed to be a German," this note was not heard so much from Trott or many of the diplomats and civil servants around him. It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that *under the circumstances of the time*, when (as Arthur Koestler wrote in 1943) unscheduled trains of cattle trucks were transporting across a darkened Europe their human cargo towards the final solution, Wheeler-Bennett should have despaired of finding the answer to Hitler with German assistance, and that twenty-five years after the war Mr. Sykes in his biographical research found a human being of many colours.

In my own view, the ultimate and tragic misunderstanding arising from Trott's position and individual character is that as the war went on and the total satanism of the Third *Reich* shook him as a man and German to the core, his true self which Mr. Astor and a not very large group of personal friends had experienced before the war, emerged strengthened, steeled and revitalised from this overwhelming ordeal. The evidence (and consequently Mr. Sykes) suggests that both his inclusion in Moltke's Kreisau Circle and his close friendship with a similarly regenerated Claus von Stauffenberg helped Trott to this astonishing inner renewal. This does not mean that he had first to shuffle off the Nazi coil in his make-up—that, patently, was never there. He had, however, to free himself of that fateful eclecticism (from which Lord Lothian had also suffered) of using what was "good" in Hitler—in Trott's case the Austrian *Anschluss* and a Far Eastern "Munich"—while the evil was left to be dealt with at some future moment. That the whole of Hitlerism was absolutely evil was a realisation that came late to many people in most countries, and this moral deficiency doubtless increased the agony of those on the German side of the hill who had rejected Hitler and his régime from the earliest months after 1933.

Like David Astor I look forward to the day when British archives will be opened to reveal the whys and wherefores of the failure later in the war to establish contact. I wholeheartedly share his view, as expressed in the final part of his Encounter article, that the whole tragedy should be unrolled in a way that would give Adam von Trott, not a leading role, but his appropriate place in a group of remarkable and sometimes outstanding men.

Harold Kurtz

Oxford

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Adam von Trott in Holland

MR. DAVID ASTOR'S recent article in ENCOUNTER brought back to my mind my contacts with Adam von Trott during the years of the Nazi occupation of my country.

It was in 1942 that I first met Trott in The Hague at the house of a friend, Mr. Patijn, who, like myself, was a member of the Scholten-group in the Dutch resistance. Trott had come to Holland in order to establish contact between his branch of the German opposition to Hitler and the Dutch resistance. He had been introduced and recommended to us by a Dutch friend who was willing to vouch for his absolute good faith and reliability.

During that first of several clandestine meetings Trott explained his mission to us. Without mentioning names—a necessary precaution in those days—he told us that he was a member of a group which could be described as a coalition of a certain number of Hitler's German adversaries. Among its members were Catholic and Protestant Churchmen, Socialist workers, Army Officers, Government officials, etc. The group, he said, had its secret representatives in different departments of Hitler's Government.

Trott offered to keep us informed, as far as possible, of measures which might be taken against inhabitants of occupied Holland. He hoped also that through the influence different members of his group had in high Government circles it would occasionally be possible to get Nazi sentences against prominent Hollanders commuted. His one request to us was that we should keep our Government-in-exile in London informed of our contacts with him and his group and to inform our authorities that his conspirational group were intent upon displacing Hitler (he used the term *"Hitler zu beseitigen"*) at the appropriate moment.

My friends and I were much impressed by Trott, whom we liked from the start and whom we found every reason to trust.

During the following two years and up to the moment of the attempt on Hitler's life by Stauffenberg on 20 July 1944 we remained in touch with Trott and his group either through visits to Holland by Trott and his friend Helmut von Moltke, or through the intermediary whom they appointed: the banker von Goerschen of The Hague, a former German citizen, who a few years before the war had acquired the Dutch nationality and who, owing to his German connections, was free to travel between Holland and Germany whenever he wished. Trott and his friends (their opposition group later, after the war, became known to us as the "*Kreisauer Kreis*" of which also Stauffenberg was a member) were of considerable help to us during all that time.

We, on the Dutch side, under the prevailing conditions of occupation and oppression were not in a position to contribute in any important way to Trott's efforts in his own country. The one thing we could do and did do consistently was to keep our Government in London informed of the existence and the work of the Kreisau conspirators.

When the conspirators' "coup" of 20 July 1944 failed, we in Holland saw it as a tragedy—especially so as it could only mean a prolongation of the war and a further loss of many lives. Very soon after we learned of the wide-spread arrests and the several thousands of executions of conspirators or suspected conspirators at personal orders of Hitler.

Among those executed was our friend Adam von Trott. Our resistance group continued to remember him as a brave and dedicated man, whose fundamental loyalty was to humanity. We realised from the start that to belong to the German "*Widerstand*" (the opposition to Hitler) implied a moral courage of a special order, because it meant opposing one's country's leadership in a time of dire peril to the nation. It was this type of courage which Trott proved to possess to such a high degree and which we, his Dutch friends, had learned to respect and deeply admire.

J. H. VAN ROIJEN

London

Well-meaning Helpers

IS NOT MR. DAVID ASTOR trying to force an open door? It is not now, and I don't think it was ever, generally doubted that Adam von Trott was indeed an honest anti-Nazi. What was doubted was whether he could legitimately expect to be trusted and receive support. Was he, in technical terms, a good risk or a bad risk?

I fear by 1943–44 the record of history was in no way such as to inspire confidence in Germans standing up to tyranny. In saying this, I am not impugning the character of many of those who conspired to do away with Hitler. Some probably were opportunists, but most were civilised men and women outraged by the abomination of Nazism. However, actors (even would-be actors) on the stage of history must submit to stringent standards.

Idealism, like patriotism, is not enough. What is needed is, in the cold terms of realistic politics, evidence of practical usefulness, a determination of material strength which can strike as a revolutionary force. On this showing, it was held that the resistance was not likely to secure the destruction of Hitler.

This opinion was widely shared. Even so staunch a champion of the resistance as the late Professor Gerhard Ritter, the historian, has noted the pathetic spectacle of "earnestly imploring hands being stretched across the Channel by Germans of the Opposition as well-meaning as they were helpless. . . ." In fact, the resisters were few, of indifferent judgment, uncertain in the face of a savage tyrant, divided in counsel and, worst of all, bereft of resolution.

They were by no means, even within living memory, the first Germans to offer so dispiriting a spectacle. Twelve years before 1944, on another sombre 20th of July, the Prussian Social Democrats, challenged by Hitler's forerunners, sadly failed to resist. They simply tamely surrendered, determined only to "yield to force" which was promptly supplied. This was done at a time when the resisters were well entrenched in power and had at the very

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least a sporting chance of survival. What could have been expected of a resistance demoralised by years of compromise, torn in spirit and faced with the daunting task of gaining power, even from so ruthless a tyrant as Hitler.

Those anti-Nazi Generals who did not strike in 1936, at the Rhineland crisis, or in 1938, at the Fritsch crisis, could not reasonably expect to be considered likely to strike now. Besides, how much confidence did they hope to inspire if, on their own showing, they had no leader, but relied almost entirely on a foreign (British) command?

With all the respect that is due to their high-minded enterprise, they had too little to commend them, and in the circumstances of the time, against the example shown by history, those asked to trust them had—whatever the verdict of hindsight—every reason to beware. Trott was a good man, animated by the very best intentions. But those called to take a hand in the affairs of history are cut from a very different cloth.

C. C. ARONSFELD

Harrow, Middlesex

The View from Geneva

I AM GLAD TO FIND that at last the question why the revolt against Hitler was ignored is becoming the subject of public discussion. For I believe that several aspects of that question have not yet been sufficiently clarified.

There are two reasons why I am specially interested in this discussion. The first is that from 1940 to 1944 I was in constant touch with representatives of the German opposition. Many of these men came to visit us in Geneva because they considered the World Council of Churches a useful channel for contacts with the outside world. Adam von Trott was one of the most regular visitors. I believe that he made no fewer than seven visits to Geneva between 1940 and 1944.

The second reason is that I transmitted several times messages from the German resistance to Great Britain and America. The most important of these messages was the document drawn up by Adam von Trott for the British Government which I brought to London in April 1942. I gave this memorandum personally to Sir Stafford Cripps and asked him to submit it to the Prime Minister.

I believe therefore that I can throw some light on the issues which have come up in the discussion between Mr. David Astor and Mr. Christopher Sykes [ENCOUNTER, December, June and July].

One of these issues is: when did Adam von Trott become an active member of the opposition? I must answer that as soon as I heard in 1940 about the formation of opposition groups his name was included among those who were actively involved. And this was no surprise to me. I had known Adam since his student days. I had met him from time to time in the 1930s. In 1936 I described my meeting with him in Kassel in a letter to my wife and concluded: "You know where he stood and he has not changed." And when he came to Geneva in 1940 I found that he was more determined than ever to resist National Socialism and that he was now engaged in the formation of centres of resistance.

The next issue is in how far the German opposition counted on foreign help to succeed in their plans to overthrow the Hitler régime. It seems to me quite clear that they counted very strongly on such help. Even Dietrich Bonhoeffer whose motivation was so purely religious, realised that (as he put it in a memorandum in the drafting of which I collaborated and which I transmitted to William Paton in 1941) "the question must be faced whether a German government which makes a complete break with Hitler and all he stands for, can hope to get such terms of peace that it has some chance to survive." Adam von Trott felt the same way. It was hard enough to get the generals to take action. They could only be convinced if it could be shown that there was a real possibility that their action could lead to a tolerable solution for the country.

THAT IS WHY Adam von Trott was so terribly disappointed when I had to tell him on my return from London that the answer which I brought from London was not the one he had hoped for. When I had visited Sir Stafford for the second time he had told me that Mr. Churchill had read the document, written in the margin "*very encouraging*," but did not want to give a reply. Sir Stafford explained that Germany would first have to be defeated. There should be a clear demonstration that National Socialism could not be tolerated. But after the defeat Germany would get fair treatment. This was the official reaction or lack of reaction. Some unofficial views were somewhat more encouraging. R. H. S. Crossman and A. D. Lindsay both made the point that if the German opposition would really succeed in overthrowing Hitler a new situation would be created and new possibilities might arise.

But the answer which I had to take back to Geneva and to report to von Trott was essentially negative. The British government was not willing to give any encouragement to the German resistance and not even ready to enter into any dialogue with it. I have not forgotten that summer night in my garden in Geneva when I was trying to find words to encourage Adam who was near despair.

IT SEEMS TO ME that the non-reaction of the British government was really determined by three considerations.

The first was the fear of creating the impression that Great Britain and the U.S.A. were working for a separate peace behind the back of the U.S.S.R.

W. A. VISSER 'T HOOFT *has been for more than thirty years the Dutch General-Secretary of the World Council of Churches, at its Geneva headquarters. He is the author of a dozen theological works, including* Anglo-Catholicism and Orthodoxy *(1928) and* Rembrandt and the Gospel *(1958).*

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Dr. A. D. Lindsay said in a discussion on the Trott memorandum that it would be "indecent" to allow the Germans to drive a wedge between the Western Allies and the Russians. And it should perhaps not be forgotten that Rudolf Hess had just arrived in Scotland with very crude ideas about a common alliance against Russia.

The second reason was purely the very general conviction that Germany could only be purged by a complete military defeat. This point came up in practically every conversation in Britain about the Trott memorandum.

I am less certain about the third reason. This may well have been the experience of 1939 at the Hague and at Venlo in Holland. It will be recalled that two British intelligence officers held solemn discussions with Walter Schellenberg, believing that the latter was a representative of the opposition though in fact he was chief of the foreign branch of the Nazi intelligence service. It is unlikely that that incident had been forgotten by 1942. And the various rumours circulating about von Trott could easily have led to the conclusion that his approach was just an attempt to repeat the "Venlo incident."

WERE THESE good reasons? Were they a sufficient justification for the refusal to give any real encouragement to the opposition in Germany? I believe that these reasons were indeed strong, but that they did not justify a purely negative attitude. It seems to me that imaginative statesmanship could have found a way to encourage the German opposition without giving up the principles underlying allied policy. Would it not have been possible to say:

> "We cannot negotiate with you. We do not know whether you deserve to be taken seriously. We do not want to create the suspicion that we are interested in a separate peace. But we are perfectly willing to tell you what our plans are for the future of Europe. In that Europe there will be a place for a Germany which will have broken with National Socialism. We intend to achieve military victory. But if a complete change comes in Germany it may not be necessary to continue the war. In that case a new situation will be created. We will judge a new government by its acts and if it takes a constructive line we will surely be ready to offer it conditions of peace which will allow Germany to survive and to have its normal place among the nations."

I believe that such language would have made a very great deal of difference to the men of the German opposition.

In order to show that these are not simply reflections arrived at twenty-five years after the events concerned I may perhaps quote from a letter which I wrote to Mr. Allan Dulles in Berne after having had another conversation with Adam in January 1943. I said:

> "Thus the question to be faced in political warfare seems to be this one: are the United Nations willing to say to the opposition (in Germany): if

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—160 pages

★

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you succeed in overthrowing Hitler and if you then prove by your acts (punishment of Nazi-leaders and Nazi-criminals, liberation of occupied territory, restoration of stolen goods, instauration of a régime which respects the rights of man, participation in economic and social reconstruction) that you have wholly broken with national socialism and militarism, we will be ready to discuss peace-terms with you. As long as that is not clearly and definitely said the process of development of an anti-Western, anti-liberal complex is likely to go on. And as long as that is not said, large groups in Germany who are psychologically prepared to join the opposition, will remain hesitant and wonder whether after all Hitler is not a lesser evil than total military defeat."

How must we understand Adam von Trott's attitude? Should we consider him as a man whose mind was divided between a typical German nationalism and an attachment to the Western liberal democratic world? I do not think so. He was certainly a patriot in that he loved his country, but he had nothing to do with the traditional German nationalism with its narrowness and its reactionary content. Adam belonged to a new world which cannot be adequately described in the old terms. He was a visionary and it is not surprising that a man of the older generation, Ulrich von Hassell, spoke of his "theoretical-illusionistic conception of the world" (von Hassell, *Vom anderen Deutschland*, p. 215). Adam thought in international categories. For him the war was a civil war within Western civilisation. His tremendous disappointment was that those in England and America whom he considered as his allies in this war did not accept him as a comrade-in-arms. Did they not understand that men all over the world were involved in the same predicament? National Socialism was a judgment upon our whole modern civilisation. It had to be overcome not by a simple return to the liberal-democratic Western tradition but by a radical and revolutionary reform of society. Margaret Boveri puts it very clearly: "The *Kreisauer Kreis* (to which Trott belonged) did not want to go back to Weimar, nor to go forward to Bonn (if something like Bonn could have been imagined at that time). . . ."

It seems to me that this fundamental aspect of Trott's philosophy has not received sufficient emphasis in Mr. Sykes' biography from which I have learned much. If Adam was often so critical of British and American policies this was not so much due to a national reaction as to his conviction that the Western nations did not understand the depth of the crisis of our whole civilisation and tried to apply outworn methods to unprecedented situations. He really belonged to that wider European resistance movement which was dreaming of the great renewal of Europe through radical social reform and new federal structures. The task to build that kind of Europe is still before us.

W. A. Visser 't Hooft

Geneva

Overlooking Historical Facts

The articles by Mr. Christopher Sykes in Encounter (December 1968) entitled "Heroes and Suspects" and of Mr. David Astor in its June issue on "Why the Resistance against Hitler Was Ignored" throw much light on the failure of the German opposition (with one notable exception) to reach an understanding with the British government. Particularly Mr. Sykes raises more questions than can be dealt with properly in my own comment.

Much that is said by Mr. Sykes reflects his effort to render justice to the men of the military resistance and their more immediate civilian allies. He wonders why the German resisters should be an exception to the veneration usually accorded to "leaders of forlorn hopes." In answer he emphasises quite correctly that theirs alone of the Resistance movements of World War II failed, "completely and calamitously." The numerous conspiracies, he points out, made no discernible difference to the military operations of both sides. However true this may be, it would have been well to show how *earnestly* and at what *great risk* they tried to influence the course of events in ways beneficial to the Allied war efforts. It was hardly their fault that the innumerable messages of warning which were dispatched by them and in most cases reached their addresses made so little impact.

The repeated warnings given the Dutch and Belgians on Hitler's attack plans of 1939–40—the messages sent to the Dutch, Danes, Norwegians, British, and to the Pope concerning the invasion of Scandinavia—the warning to Jugoslavia, and those sent to the Soviet Union via American government channels—all are beyond controversy. For readers possibly unfamiliar with what I have stated here, let it be emphasised that all of it rests on evidence derived from non-German sources, such as the reports of the Belgian military attaché, the testimony of his Dutch colleague before the Netherlands Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry, the reports of the French ambassador to the Holy See, the memoirs of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and a Vatican record (cited on page 351 of my book on *The Conspiracy Against Hitler in the Twilight War*) which reflects the personal testimony of Pius XII. It is true that the sources of such warnings were not always identified to their recipients. We do not know, for example, to what extent this was done by Pro-Secretary of State Montini (the present Paul VI) when he informed the French and British embassies on 7 May 1940 of the German attack which came three days later. I am not concerned in this discussion, however, with any contemporary failure to give credit where it was due, but rather with the judgment of a posterity to which the facts are known or easily ascertainable.

Harold C. Deutsch *is Professor of History at the University of Minnesota and author of the scholarly study,* The Conspiracy against Hitler in the Twilight War *(1968).*

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The Prague Manifesto of 22 May

WE WANT *to bring the present parlous state of our national science, culture and journalism to the attention of our colleagues. We, scientists, artists and journalists, must explain what it is we are doing and what it is we wish to defend. We are scions of an educated people, to whom we are bound by a common history and mother-tongue. For this reason we appeal also to our fellow-citizens, assuring them that we too share a common concern for freedom, for the fate of our nation, for the truths of socialism.*

It is the task of culture to study and to create, to extend knowledge and to bring happiness. To this task we shall remain true— under favourable or unfavourable circumstances. In this sense, culture is the very life-blood of a nation; if it ceases to flow, the nation must die. We seek the truth. We do not oppose ourselves to received truths, but see precisely in their clarification our appointed task. To seek the truth and to fight for it it is equivalent, for us, to seeking freedom and fighting for it. For us the pursuit of truth and the pursuit of freedom are inseparable. Freedom cannot be legislated; it is not a gift, but a task.

Freedom of creative expression, the independence of science and of public opinion—these are things that have to be fought for again and again. It falls to us to overcome the obstacles that power-interests and lack of vision have put in our way. Needless to say: the greater the obstacles, the greater the moral challenge.

AT THIS MOMENT, *fundamental cultural rights are in peril. Much that we have long taken for granted is in question. False goals are being imposed on us from above.*

We are witnesses of an untruthful representation of events in the past and in the present. Certain persons who have shown in the past, not loyalty, but merely a readiness to conform, are emerging again in the most shameless manner—people who showed not ability but rather ignorance of their field, who served not the truth but the powers that be. And not only our culture is in peril. The suppression of freedom of expression means the suppression of all human rights and of every kind of freedom. As long as the administration of public affairs is in the hands of people who have proved themselves, over the years, incapable of solving the political and economic problems of the country, we see no guarantee for the self-respect and security of future generations.

WE ARE TOLD *that science, the arts and journalism belong to the State, and that therefore the State has the right to control them. But just as the soil belongs to the peasants, and the factories to the workers, the newspapers ought to belong to those who read them, radio, films and television to those who enjoy them, and science and the arts to those who make use of them. Our culture is the property not of the State, but of the people.*

We are going through difficult days. Our courage, our steadfastness, our intellectual integrity are on trial. We would wish to face this test with our honour unsullied in the eyes, not only of our fellow-citizens, but in the questioning, inexorable scrutiny of future generations.

The measures being taken against the free life of the arts grow stricter every day. We shall resist this process as far as it is possible. As long as our organisations are in the hands of duly elected officials, we can depend upon them not to compromise the principles they have been elected to defend. None among us intends to betray his colleagues, and thus himself.

WE CAN, OF COURSE, *be silenced. But we cannot be forced to say things we do not believe. We can be deprived of our freedom of expression. But we cannot be deprived of our inner, spiritual freedom, and of our self-respect. The criterion of action remains intellectual integrity; loyalty and honour remain the criteria of humanity.*

The representatives of Czech culture intend to remain true to their ideals and to all that they have achieved in the past in the spirit of free inquiry—true to their language, their national traditions, their people. Since they do not intend to withdraw from free and creative activity, they will face whatever tests the future brings and work on, following their consciences, despite the evils of the times.

We say this, publicly, and with all due emphasis.

MANIFESTO *issued in Prague on the 22nd of May, by 274 elected representatives of Czech professional organisations of scientists, artists, and journalists meeting in the Prague Film Club on Jungmann Square. Its publication in Czechoslovakia has been forbidden by the government of the new Party Secretary Gustav Husak.*

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MUCH HAS BEEN SAID of the national outlook of the military conspirators and their conservative civilian allies, culminating often in the charge that "what they wanted was Hitler's gains without Hitler." Mr. Sykes shares this view to some extent and, no doubt, most of them took the usual German view about the need of revising the Treaty of Versailles. But there should also be stress on the sharp parting of the ways between them and the Führer on his indiscriminate expansionism to acquire "living space." It also deserves to be noted that many of them by 1939 can be classed as "repentent nationalists" who had come to perceive to what unrestrained nationalism could lead.

Students of the military conspiracies against Hitler are well aware of their failings, and much that Mr. Sykes says in criticism of them is legitimate It is not quite correct to state that, save for Rommel, they never included a general commanding large bodies of troops. He himself mentions Witzleben. There are also Hammerstein (for a very brief period), Kluge, and Leeb, who, though unaware of a specific plot, had declared his readiness to join an action against the régime. Nor is it fair to say that whenever Hitler issued his aggressive orders, the generals were prepared to "do their duty." In September 1938 they were certainly ready to follow Beck's lead on refusing to march against Czechoslovakia. They also assuredly failed to "do their duty" when they did not report the treasonable proposals made even to such unlikely personages as Reichenau and Guderian.

As regards the higher command levels generally, Mr. Sykes seems to me if anything too lenient. The truly damning indictment against them is their submission to Hitler's criminal occupation régime in Poland about which they were fully or at least adequately informed In contrast to their more nebulous role in the later genocide against the Jews, the record here is crystal-clear, notably in their dastardly desertion of General Blaskowitz in the confrontation with Himmler on 17 March 1940.

There is little to add to Mr. Astor's presentation of the reasons why the only hope of a successful coup in September 1938 lay in Britain making clear that it would not tolerate an attack on Czechoslovakia. He agrees that the one-sided strictures of opposition survivors against British policy are out of place. Certainly the defensive attitude of so many British writers on this point is fully understandable. What does astound one is that they never highlight and frequently do not mention the one occasion when London (in the Vatican exchanges of 1939–40) went all the way in generous response to Opposition overtures. Can this strange reticence spring from fear that acknowledgement of this momentous step would weaken the British case on earlier and later instances when the policy was a different one? If so, this sensitiveness seems unnecessary, for the failure of the German Army chiefs to act even under this goad is the best defence of the usual British view that there was too little prospect of a successful coup to build a British policy on it.

HAROLD C. DEUTSCH

University of Minnesota

AUTHORS

WE REGRET that the author's note on **Ben Morreale** was inadvertently omitted last month. The author of that remarkable report on "Down & Out on the American Campus" writes of himself: "I'm now teaching French History at one of the ten or eleven units of the New York State University system. I'm at Plattsburgh, a unit of 4 or 5 thousand students (we are one of the smallest).... How I've come here could be a long story, but I'm afraid I haven't got the disposition or the temperament to tell you how really exciting and adventurous it has all been: I've read too much Orwell, spent too much time in Sicily, and I've read too much in the history of the French Revolution, all of which has given me an eye for disaster which no doubt is reflected in my piece. If there's any brightness in it, it is no doubt due to my Sicilian father....

"I was born in New York City in 1924 and educated there. I spent 3 years in the Pacific during the War, then continued my studies at the University of Paris where I received a *Doctorat* (thesis on the French Revolution) and where I lived for about 7 years. I started writing there and I've published in various magazines from the *Paris Review* to *Les Annales Historiques de la Révolution Française*. I've published a novel on Sicily, *The Seventh Saracen* (New York, Coward McCann; London, Gollancz, 1959). I might remind you that I did a piece for ENCOUNTER [June 1957] on Danilo Dolci before he was too well known in England....

"At the moment I'm working on a book entitled *The Rebel and The Aristocrat* (*Tom Paine and Gouverneur Morris*): *Two Character Studies in Revolution*. Well, my idea being that today's argument first began with these men and in their times...."

As we go to press with the **T. W. Adorno** interview (p. 63), we learn with deep regret of the death of Professor Adorno in Switzerland, on 6th August, at the age of 65....

George Woodcock, born in Winnipeg in 1912, lived in England until 1949. He was a close friend of George Orwell, with whom he collaborated in many socialist and anarchist activities. His biography of Proudhon was published in 1956. Among his other books are *William Godwin* (1946), *The Writer and Politics* (1948), and *Kropotkin: The Anarchist Prince* (1950)....

Rayner Heppenstall was a feature-writer and producer with the B.B.C. from 1945–65. His works include novels, poetry and literary criticism. He has written on *Leon Bloy* (Barrie & Rockliff, 1962) and *Raymond Roussel* (Calder & Boyars, 1966); his autobiography, *Portrait of the Artist as a Professional Man* (Peter Owen), and his latest novel, *The Shearers* (Hamish Hamilton) were published earlier this year.

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"Encounter has helped to make up more minds than any other intellectual journal of our day . . . ."

San Francisco, July 1969

"I SHOULD LIKE to write to thank you, and congratulate you, on the various pieces in your recent number on 'Unreason and Revolution.' May I add that innumerable readers here, where the counter-attack on liberal values has taken on incredible proportions of a cult of violence and a crusade against tolerance, have been grateful that at least one leading intellectual review has month after month over the last two years maintained the highest standards of reportage and analysis on these explosive events which are wracking our societies. It has been a service to the light of reason, and a desperately needed one. I liked that quoted remark to the effect that ENCOUNTER has helped to make up more minds than any other intellectual journal of our day. Your readers here can certainly confirm it . . . ." J.R.T.

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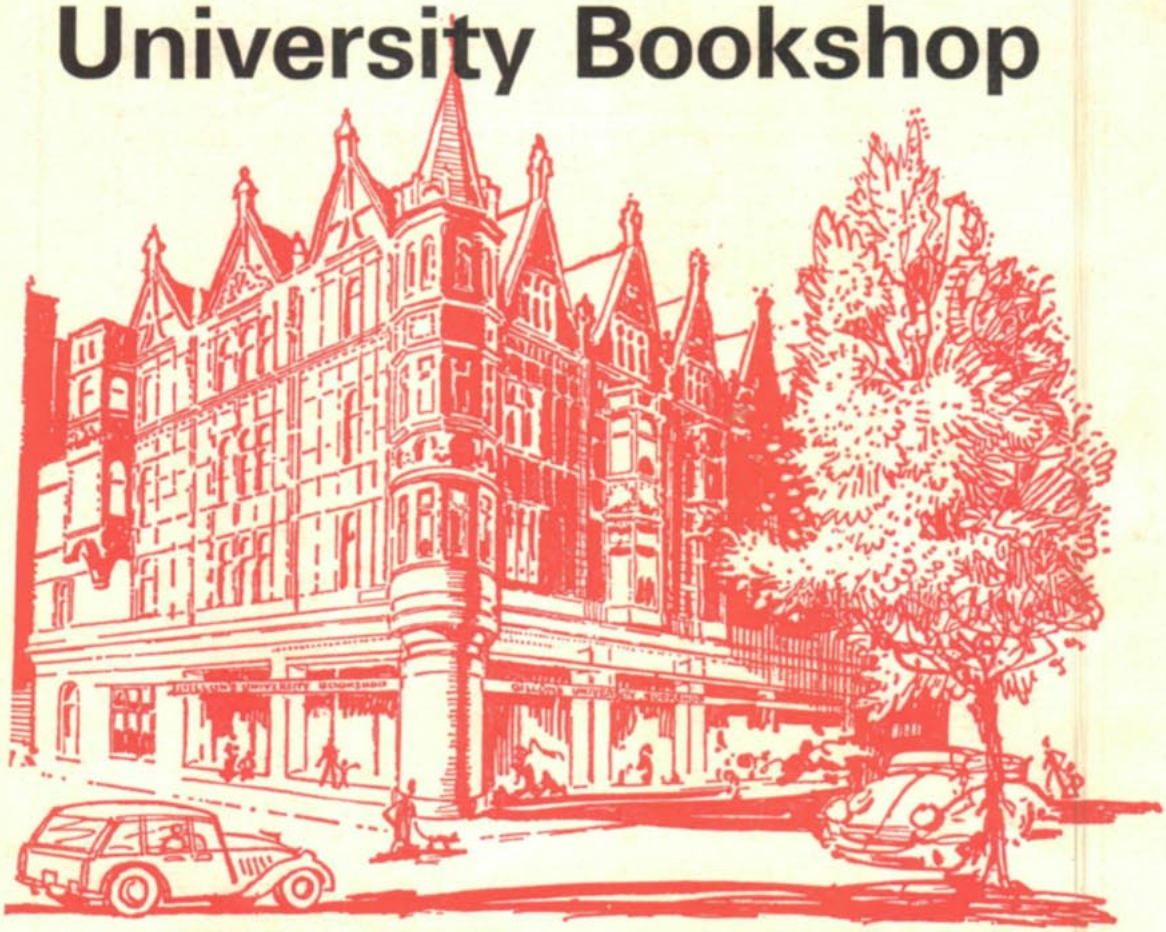

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